



BANCROFT'S

TOURIST'S GUIDE.

THE GEYSERS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND AROUND THE BAY,
(NORTH.)

LUCENTIO. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HORTENSIO. And so it is ; I wonder what it bodes.

PETRUCHIO. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life ;

An awful rule, and right supremacy ;

And to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

—*Taming the Shrew.*

J'avais une demeure isolée, dans une solitude charmante; maitre chez moi,
J'y pouvais vivre à ma mode, sans que personne eût à m'y contrôler

—*Rousseau.*

SAN FRANCISCO:

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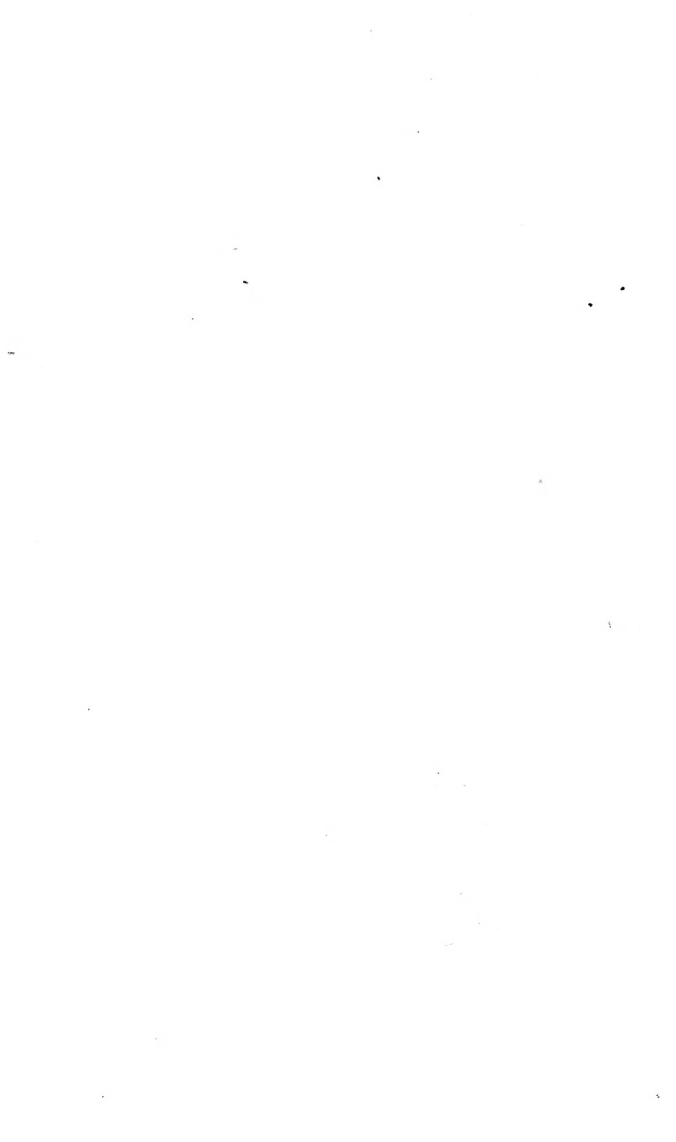
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DE PROFUNDIS.

Tacendo divenimmo là've spiccia
Fuor della selva un piccol fiumicello,
Lo cui rossore ancor mi raccapriccia.
Lo fondo suo ed ambo le pendici
Fatt'eran pietra, e i margini da lato.—*Dante.*

IT is not a little remarkable, in this age of inquiry and speculation, that no attempt should have been made toward a geographical partition of the inner circle of the earth. Questions equally profound have occupied the minds of the learned, and propositions as difficult of solution have been taken up, discussed, and laid aside as settled, in the world's store-house of knowledge. The origin of the intellect, the origin of matter, the invisible population of space, the compilation of an accurate map of the abode of lost spirits, a minute description of the celestial city, with detailed recitals of the condition and occupation of its citizens, are a few of the subjects of no small import which have occupied the mighty intellects of our race. It is true that much has been written by philosophers and divines, much has been sung by poets and pictured by genius, in past ages, concerning certain states or habitations of this subaqueous sphere; but no attempt toward geographical position has been made, no lines of latitude and longitude have been drawn. To present a perfect analysis of any portion of the external structure of the earth, with proper solutions of cause and effect, with no knowledge of its internal organization, is impossible. It is by penetrating beneath the surface that science unfolds her richest treasures. Except the seed be put into the ground, and the body

buried in the earth, there is no development of material or spiritual life.

It is not our purpose to enter this field of inquiry, but merely to take a cursory glance at the subject; and should any clouds of skepticism overshadow the mind in the midst of these investigations, let it be remembered that all propositions capable of demonstration *a posteriori*, are held to stand, unless successfully refuted. Belief is a creature of the will. It is no more difficult for Omnipotence to adapt beings to life and motion through earth than through air; to perceive without light as easily as with light; and as intermundane spaces have been peopled with immortals, would there not exist that vacuum which nature abhors, should the interior abysses of the earth be left an unorganized chaos?

The fallacy of the proverb, "Quand on voit la chose on la croit," is evident, when we consider where knowledge and progress would be, if seeing was essential to belief. We see around us all nature teeming with life and animation, the whole universe in motion; life is everywhere, in everything, in things visible and invisible, springing up even out of death; but who can tell what it is, and where it is not?

The crust of the earth varies in thickness, from a hundred feet to a hundred miles. Geologists are partially correct in the theory of fusion from heat. Climatic diversities exist to as great an extent below as above the surface of the earth. To forever dispel the idea that one igneous liquid mass fills to the brim this vast space, it is only necessary to compute the effect of seven thousand miles of molten matter upon the egg-shell covering which envelops it.

A more rational hypothesis constructs the interior a counterpart of the exterior, cemented by cellulated connections, composed of solids and liquids, produced by variations of heat and cold and governed by the same laws of cohesion and gravitation. That the intestine forces of nature are at times stirred into motion by thermic generation of elastic gases, we know, from

occasional earthquake disturbances and volcanic eruptions of igneous matter; but this only shows the impossibility of the entire occupation of subterranean space by a molten mass. But history will better supply the place of theory.

The centre of the earth is reached by easy gradations, through a concavity which, from the exterior, assumes the shape of an inverted cone. The passage is divided into nine parts, or circles, diminishing in circumference with the descent, and is partitioned vertically, to suit the requirements of different ages and nations. Virgil, who made the tour with both Æneas and Dante, declares the path quite accessible—

———*facilis decensus Averno est,*

but easier of ingress than egress.

Sed recovare gradum superasque evadere ad auras

Hic opus, hic labor est.

There are also various apertures by which to enter the concavity. Korah found a mouth or opening in the wilderness of Paran, but the Hebraic entrance was afterward permanently placed at Tophet, in the valley of Hinnom near the city of Jerusalem. Since the dispersion, the Jewish people avail themselves of the use of the aperture nearest at hand, being usually that of the nation with whom they dwell. Commencing at the centre of the earth, in the Jewish compartment, is situated, first, Gehenna, the resting place of the Son of the Morning. Next, ascending, is a large perpendicular plain, of various degrees of temperature, and at the bottom of which is situated a burning sulphurous lake. This plain is separated from the division above by an impassable gulf. The whole is enclosed in bars, and furnished with gates and keys.

The Fathers of the Church have separated their compartment into four divisions. These divisions have been voluminously described in their writings, the boundaries accurately laid down, the dimensions given in leagues, and the extent, use, and occupation of every portion, topographically determined. The lowest division, or the one nearest the centre of the earth, is set apart

as the permanent resting-place of those who are not friendly to the Church. The temperature here is the same as that of the division next above, but the difference consists in the duration of occupation; the second division being tenanted temporarily as a place of purgation. The two divisions above are denominated, respectively, the *limbus infantum* and the *limbus patrum*. The latter is now empty.

The Mohammedan entrance is from Mecca, over a bridge, finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, called al Sirat. The Mahomedan compartment is divided into seven stories: the first story, commencing with the uppermost, is called Jehennam, and is assigned to refractory believers, subject to release; the second, Ladha, accommodates the Jews; the third, al Hotama, the Christians; the fourth, al Sàir, the Sabians; the fifth, Sakar, the Magians; the sixth, al Jahim, the idolaters; and the seventh, the lowest, called al Hawiyat, the hypocrites. The climate varies from intense heat to excessive cold, according to the constitutional requirements of the occupants.

Contiguous to Gehenna, westerly, lies Tartarus, the abode of the ancient philosophers and poets. The entrance of the ancients to the concavity is situated on the coast of Italy, near Mount Vesuvius, on the border of lake Avernus. The river Styx, which encompasses the interior of the earth nine times, takes its rise at this point. It is crossed by the path in several places, and in the fifth circle it widens into a lake. The subterranean habitation of the ancients is presided over by Pluto, and is divided into two separate states, Tartarus and Elysium. Upon the disappearance of the Isles of the Blessed, from the western ocean, the Elysii Campi were removed below. Erebus, a passage-way, lies above Tartarus. The Elysian fields are lighted by a sun and stars, watered by the river Lethe, which flows through a verdant valley, and separated from Tartarus by a partition wall of darkness.

Limbo, the first circle commencing uppermost, is a state of indifference. As it is necessary here to cross the river, a ferry-

man, Charon, keeps a boat for that purpose. Beware the dog Cerberus on landing. To the *limbus patrum* and the *limbus infantum* of the Fathers is added, by the ancients, the *limbus fatuorum*, which is always full.

The second circle is the judgment hall of Minos, who receives confessions, and awards to each comer his place of residence. The third circle is assigned to gluttons; the fourth to the avaricious and prodigal. Crossing the Stygian lake in the boat of the ferryman, Phlegyas, the fifth circle, is entered. Here dwell the wrathful and gloomy. In the sixth circle arch heretics are confined in fiery tombs; the seventh is occupied by the violent; the eighth by the fraudulent; and the ninth circle, which is a frozen lake, is the abode of traitors.

The vast spaces partitioned to India, China, the isles of the ocean, and other heathen nations which have peopled the surface of the earth from the beginning, would form an interesting study. Thus might the investigation be continued, and the whole interior of the earth opened to view.

The situation of the general entrance to the concavity from this western shore was for a time enveloped in obscurity. Several claims to the only true way were set up by various persons and parties. In the early days of the settlement of our State, the midnight money-changers claimed to hold the main entrance; which claim was afterward disputed by the fair sex who first graced our shores. The votaries of Bacchus next claimed that, through the special revelation of their deity, they held possession of the key. When these necessary adjuncts to incipient civilization were in a measure dispelled by the vigilance of our forefathers, attention was attracted toward the City Hall. It was claimed that in the ragers for office were vested the combined rights of all the other parties. But the lurid cloud that hovers near the true aperture, though hesitatingly flitting here and elsewhere round the bay, finally rested over our sister city Sacramento. It was discovered that the only true way was

through our legislative halls ; that there principles, as well as men, hold direct converse with the shades below.

The thinness of the earth's crust in our immediate vicinity is ascertained from two existing phenomena: namely, the character of the inhabitants upon the surface, and the occurrence of the multitude and variety of sulphurous, thermal, and other tartarean springs within our borders. That there exists intimate connections between these springs and primal causes below, is inferred from the fact that every mixture of every ingredient known to those who have passed thither is here ejected.

The cause of the thinness of the crust at the fair spot to which this little book guides, has been attributed to the fact that it is situated directly over the grand laboratorium of the nations. This work-room is a narrow valley, situated upon the border of the Elysii Campi, at the terminus of the river Lethe, and is surrounded by precipitous mountains, composed of all the existing mineral substances, and upon the sides of which grows every species of medicinal plants. The river here empties into a huge basaltic basin, spontaneously heated, and the entire flow of its waters is absorbed in the compounding of healing mixtures. The basin is divided into innumerable cells of various capacities, each of which holds separate communication, through fissures, with the surface above. Here the goddess Geysa, with myriads of subordinates, holds her sway. For every mixture there is a special attendant, who watches over a crucible, collects the ingredients, and spreads them before the goddess; she alone can mix them.

A TRIP INTO THE COUNTRY.

For me, kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew,
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs.—*Pope.*

WHAT is it ? Well, perhaps the cure of a cold, the roasting out of a rheumatism, the pasting up of tattered lungs, one more shuffle for life; perhaps an escape from odorous offices, ugly rows of figures, stagnations and lawsuits ; an armistice, perhaps, in home affairs, a pause of the treadmill, a shifting of position, a momentary stillness in the storm ; a brief escape, it may be, from arbitrary affection, from tinctured sweetness, from love's abrasions ; perhaps it is a packing up of flitting heart-treasures, the wooing back of a gentle life; the last stake, which, when lost, leaves, in place of sweet fullness, a long, deep, noisome cavern.

But what is it ? It is a towel after a bath, a thawing out of the system, oceanic distillation, extraction of neuralgia, physiologic solar lubrication; a coming out into broad sunlight and soft air, amid the ringing songs of birds, the music of brooks, and sweet flowers; out into the wild woods, over foaming streams, and out upon smooth lakes. It is taking a glance upward, a slipping of the fetters, a flash of the spirit into unwonted regions, a square look into the past and into the future. It is a renewal of the lease for another year, an extension of time on the part of our common creditor.

We came to California to accomplish a purpose. We are somewhat pressed for time, especially if we have made a slip or two ; but, if we are diligent, unwearied in our efforts, we may yet be in at the death; we may get through in time to attend our own funeral. Our life at best is limited, and should it fall short, and should we die before our work is accomplished, there is no knowing what would become of mankind.

The field is new before us, a virgin soil ; nothing is done, all is to be done. We have cities to build, railroads to construct, manufactures to establish, money to make. We put our children out to educate, snatch the absolute requirements of religion as we pass along, read the newspapers, eat, sleep, and then—die. This is the obituary of thousands. Mingle to one a few more disappointments, to another a little more success, with now and then a failure, drunkenness ; and the life of nine tenths of the balance is complete.

Once a year at least, every man and every woman should for a time loosen the strain upon this one set of nerves, get away from everything, and let themselves down. If time be an object, this is the way to make time; and with time, money. It frequently requires less money to go than to stay. Wisdom, virtue, and strength may all be found in profusion, *a la belle étoile*, two hours ride from San Francisco. Money is a good thing for our children to spend; but it is to be hoped that while spending it they will allow their minds to dwell somewhat upon other things. The root of all evil has become with us the source of all good. We eat, drink and sleep money. We marry with money, and we measure with money. By it we gauge our neighbor's piety, our friend's sincerity, and our own manhood. It outlives religion, and outweighs affection. A base slave, it has become our master, and is placed in dominion over the intellect of man, which rules all else. Then come away from it a little while. Take off the halter, turn the mind out to pasture, and let it roll.

It is good for the mother and her little ones to escape their cage occasionally, to let free their fancy and mingle their songs with

the songs of nature. It is good for the fossil-faced father to turn for a moment his rosy meditations upon the most direct route from other men's pockets to his own, and consider what life is. Let him draw a check, and buy health. And it is good for our conventional friends from the East to come out and see what freedom is; to see old Mayflower liberty young again. Even nature here is free, ungoverned by set rules. If you will follow the lead of this little book, we will show you, among other things, a western apothecary's shop, Nature's grand medicine chest, the world's hospital. With the accommodations for all the world, we modestly offer the attractions of all the world. If it is air you want, we have it softer than Italy's, and more bracing than England's. We have a brighter sky than France, more and better medicinal springs than Germany; and if there are any other blessings in the possession of any other country, we have them. We can cure the world, if the world will come and be cured. A thousand pools of Bethesda stand ready, all greatly troubled.

Well understood, the charmed spot to which this book is the indispensable key, presents a wealth of natural attractions unsurpassed. When properly known, it will be one of the most popular tours upon the western coast. Nowhere is so much California to be seen for the money; nowhere so much *multum* in so little *parvo*. It is true we have not the largest trees in the world, but we have the stoniest;—hard-hearted trees, petrified through fear of the strange substances, which, ascending from regions below, seized hold of their roots, and drove life upward, and outward through their branches. It is true we have not waters falling from the greatest heights, but we have them springing up from the greatest depth; from depths requiring not a clear eye, but a free fancy, to fathom. And such waters! White waters and black waters, and many-hued waters; warm waters and cold waters; waters sparkling and waters sluggish; odorous waters, suggestive of their source; life-giving waters, and waters to wing the spirit quick below. Kind mother Earth, from whence

we came, and who ever waits, with open, loving arms to receive us, here expresses relieving draughts to soothe the pain, and soften the effects of our misdeeds. And other drinks she offers. Hundreds of soda fountains play invitingly for our refreshment, and to those whose constitutions will not bear her waters, she presents her wine. From its incipient state, through all the various processes which add to its maddening virtues, to ripe old age, it may be found; of every color, and kind, and quality. Nature's hospital is aptly placed near to her vineyard. But the vineyard is not indigenous. Lot planted a vineyard; there is none spoken of in Eden. But if man will make wine, here is his opportunity; care should be taken, however, to preserve it pure, uncontaminated by the springs.

Other fruits of the earth, and game, and fishes, here abound in profusion. The lake country is the nearest and most accessible hunting ground that we have, and protection has been so thrown around it, by mountains which bar out the chilly fogs of the ocean, and the burning air from the plains, that houses are not necessary to the comfort of sportsmen.

And we claim no offsets, only unmitigated good. We have the soft, hazy atmosphere of the tropics, without its enervating and miasmatic vapors; the fresh, invigorating air of ocean without its rheumatics; a dry season without drouth; a wet season without chills. A truce is here made by the contending elements. The forces of nature have laid down their arms; the earth puts on her holiday attire; the air comes gently over the valleys, the joyous water rushes impetuously down the mountain side, or gently murmurs through the valleys, the burden and heat of the day are forgotten in the fresh coolness of evening.

First, take a bath; we offer you a broad, clear, cool lake, or a mountain stream that would tempt Diana; a Roman swimming-bath, or a Turkish steam bath; a chemical bath, a vapor bath, a shower bath; baths hot and cold, of every temperature, of medicinal waters concocted for all diseases, and all the free gift

of bounteous goodness; all mixed by unseen hands, and warmed by unseen fires. Make your choice;—the temperature that best suits you, and name any mixture of any ingredients within the dominions of Pluto, and it is ready waiting you.

Now, what is your malady and we will cure it. But, first of all, simple existence in this enchanted realm drives the demon of evil out of a man. The sun does not smile here upon disease. Drag its loathsome form out into the broad light of day and it will flee howling into the wilderness; or should it require a gentle reminder of home we will feed it with some of its own familiar mixtures. By sticking your leg into that medicinal mud, rheumatism will descend to realms below and the leg will come out whole. By infusing that sulphur freely into your blood all taint of heterodoxy will disappear from your system. Even a mind diseased is here ministered to by the quiet influences that surround it. Sulphur, iron, magnesia, and fifty other curatives flow ready for application internally and externally. Take all the ills of all the spheres and here is provided a remedy for each one of them. A hundred varieties of medicinal compound within a hundred yards. Thousands of springs within a hundred miles, and thousands of new fountains of health yet to be discovered within this space. Bathe in that chemical compound, stand in the steam of that sulphurous spring, take a swim in medicine water. You may drink it, wash your clothing with it, and cook in it. Nature here has outdone herself. For ages she has been concocting her healing compound; she will now make amends for decay and death.

Where will be a fitter field in which to work out the great problem of man modifying nature and nature modifying man? Nature's work is here done; it now remains for man to act upon it, and be acted upon by it. The type of civilization that these valleys will exhibit within a few centuries, according to these reciprocal rules, will equal or surpass that of ancient Greece or Rome, or any period of the world's history. Here are embodied

all the essential elements of climate, food, and soil, requisite to the highest development of the intellect. It has been clearly demonstrated by the greatest ethnologists of our time that the intellectual development of our race is not governed by inherent natural differences but by outward surroundings. "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you who you are," says the proverb. Tell me the physical nature of your surroundings, climate, soil, mountains, plains, rivers, oceans, says the ethnologist, and I will tell you the intellectual and physical state of the people. Their process of demonstration is thus: The accumulation of wealth, as that alone gives time for the improvement of the intellect, is the first requisite to social advancement. Wealth can be acquired only where the soil is fertile and the climate genial. In the tropics vegetation is most exuberant; food costs literally nothing but the gathering, but steady application to any industry, either physical or mental, is, during a portion of each day, prevented by the heat; irregular habits and an enervated mind are the results.

The only partially civilized portions of America at the time of the discovery were the table lands of Mexico and Peru, which lie above the miasmatic atmosphere that surrounds them. Here was found humanity unwittingly working out the same problems of existence, by means of the same process, that other nations in past ages had done. In the frigid zones the inhabitants are compelled to labor incessantly in order to support life; and therefore have no time for mental improvement.

Now, in the valleys which we are visiting, the most work can be done with the least wear upon bodily organs, and at the same time producing the largest returns. Soil and climate could not be improved. The general aspect of nature is such as to produce a calm, contemplative effect upon the mind, such as is conducive to the highest intellectual improvement. Drought, the evil which sometimes afflicts other portions of our coast, on account of the configuration of the country, and its proximity to the ocean, seldom troubles these favored valleys.

Sight-seeing in California, like all other young bigness that surrounds us, is destined to increase. Everything with us is in its infancy. Mr. Powers should have sculptured California as a huge baby, in the place of a pensive female with not over graceful limbs. Europe having become an old story with many of our Eastern friends, they come to California. They are welcome. We place before them our choicest productions; their tables groan with the oil and corn and wine of the land. We clothe them in the purest air and brightest sunshine ever turned out of nature's laboratory, and while we do not refuse their money, we agree, for every dollar they spend with us, to spend two with them. Ere they reach home their money will be there; every man's money in his sack's mouth. Or, better still, should they decide to remain with us, we will divide up our thirty thousand acre farms, modify our earthquakes to suit their gentler nerves, and invent a sprinkler for our dry seasons, if they but leave behind their lightning, ice and coppers.

The modes of travel over this country are not unpleasant. There is but little old fashioned staging left, and a mustang horse and California saddle,—which, like Solomon's temple, is strung together without a buckle, and with no metal save a few brass nails—are much more comfortable than Alpine ponies or Italian donkeys. In fact, the mustang is a feature of the tour, an institution of the country, a pleasant episode which can always be engaged in one town and left in another. But do not expect too much from the mustang. He is a horse *sui generis*, an Ishmaelitic horse. Pât his neck and the leaden eye manifests not the slightest change. He will be your slave but do not attempt familiarity. He is a horse without soul or conscience. In his eye there is no sympathy; only cold, sullen indifference. Like some men, you can trust him while your hand is on him. The mustang does not trot, but enters at once from a walk to a full gallop. Dashing up to the verge of a mudhole he pauses on the brink and passes quietly through. Prick him with a spurless

heel, and with remarkable tenacity of memory, he knows throughout a whole day's ride that there is no sting in it.

The places herein described are quite accessible. Two hours sail over smooth waters, and our garden is entered, and in the place of traveling two or three hundred miles for two or three objects of interest, here are twenty lesser sights within half the distance. Three days or three weeks will suffice for the trip, It may be taken at any season of the year, though spring time is preferable.

As it is the purpose of the publishers of this work to issue new editions as occasion demands, additions and corrections from all sources will be thankfully received.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 5th, 1871.

THE TOUR NORTHERLY.

Two departures daily, at 8 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M., by the steamer "Capital," from Front Street Wharf, San Francisco. Time to Vallejo, one hour and a half; fare, \$1.00, baggage free, double carriage and horses to Vallejo, \$8.00; horse and buggy, \$4.00; single horse, \$2.00. Breakfast on board from eight to half past eleven, *a la carte*; dinner from four to half past seven, \$1.00. At starting, Goat Island, a military station reserved by Government for military purposes, is seen about two miles distant on the right. Extensive barracks are erected on the eastern side. In ten minutes after leaving the wharf, Alcatraz Island and the Golden Gate are opposite on the left. Alcatraz, covered with fortifications, with a lighthouse upon the summit, occupies a very commanding position, and is of great military importance, but it depends upon the main land for its supply of water. Passing Angel Island, also a station for troops, and the green, grassy hillocks of Point San Pablo, we enter San Pablo Bay, a continuation of the bay of San

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Francisco. Following the track of the Sacramento boats until we reach the Straits of Carquinez, we turn abruptly to the left and enter the narrow sheet of water between Vallejo and Mare Island. In a few minutes, still upon our left, appears the Government powder magazine, and shortly after, the Mare Island Navy Yard. On our right the first prominent objects are the Star flouring-mills and the grain elevator, both situated in South Vallejo, the southern terminus of the California Pacific railroad. The navy yard is one of the most extensive owned by the Government, and the only one upon the Pacific Coast. Many millions have already been expended here, and many more will be, to fit it for the growing demands of our navy on the Pacific. Its extensive ranges of massive buildings, the sectional dry dock, and the armed vessels generally anchored near the shore, are objects which at once command the attention of the tourist. The flouring-mill, which we first saw on the right, is one of the first class, with a capacity of producing four hundred barrels of flour per day. This elevator is the first, and only, one erected upon this coast. In 1869, seven hundred piles, each forty feet long, were driven firmly down into the hard bottom, fastened together with heavy timbers, and filled in with rock from eight to thirty feet deep. Upon this foundation the grain elevator was erected, under the supervision of a gen-

tleman from Chicago. Steam power here handles wheat at the rate of 35,000 bushels per day. Three scales weigh it at the rate of fifteen tons each at a draft. Grain can be weighed and run into a ship's hold at the rate of 250 tons per hour. The depth of water alongside is thirty feet. Thirty-eight ships were here laden during the past year, with wheat destined for foreign markets. The storage capacity of the elevator is 350,000 bushels, or 10,000 tons of wheat.

South Vallejo.

South Vallejo is an "addition." Every old Californian town, as it assumes importance, has its "addition," which soon becomes the place itself. Some have several. San Diego, for instance, is all "addition." The old Mexicans did not understand the science of town placing. Drinking waters were of more consequence to them than navigable waters; their minds ran more to corrals than to commerce. What could Father Junipero Serra have been thinking of when, after coming all the way from Spain, he put himself down upon a bleak, sandy peninsula, in the place of occupying a spot which, in the making of the world, had been provided for the accommodation of a large commercial city? One hundred years later, and the eyes of Gen. Frisbie and Mr. Fowler, perceived beauties in the aspect of South Vallejo, invisible to the venera-

ble Father. While visions of converting the Indians, peopling heaven and raising cattle and horses filled the mind of the one, the others perceived in it the very spot intended by Nature for the site of a great commercial city, with an ocean fleet and a vast system of railways contributing to its prosperity and greatness.

A large amount of heavy grading has been done here, and many good buildings erected, among which are three hotels. The Frisbie House is extensive, and fitted up in a style of much elegance. The present landlord is J. M. Staples, formerly of the Auzerai House, San José.

The time is not distant when South Vallejo must assume the proportions of an important seaport. The place originated out of the requirements of the California Pacific Railroad Company, and has been built up to its present proportions within the past three years. The officers of the company have from its organization manifested marked ability, shrewdness and foresight, not only in the original conception of the route and location of the city, but in the subsequent prosecution of the enterprise to a most successful termination; in the concentration of the entire railroad interests north of the Bay; and in the absorption of the most important steamboat routes on our waters.

The California Pacific Railroad was originally known as the Marysville and Benicia Railroad.

The first work actually done upon it was in 1856. Dr. D. W. C. Rice (since deceased) was its first President, and to the day of his death a most zealous worker in its interests. In the summer of 1867, W. F. Roelofson, Dr. J. M. Ryder, and Col. J. P. Jackson went to Europe to negotiate the bonds of the road, amounting to \$2,250,000, and from the proceeds of these bonds the Sacramento and Marysville branches were built. The first train of cars ran over the entire length of the road in November, 1869. In 1869, this company purchased the Napa Valley Railroad and consolidated it into the original incorporation. In April, 1871, it also purchased the entire property, boats, lands, wharves, etc., of the California Steam Navigation Company, paying therefor about \$1,000,000, and causing that company to disincorporate. In April, 1871, the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad was purchased at the price, as stated, of \$750,000. By these several purchases this company has become possessed of the carrying trade of the Sacramento, Napa, Sonoma, Santa Rosa and Russian River valleys, as well as upon the chief rivers and bays of the State. The branches of road measure as follows; Vallejo to Sacramento, 60 miles; Vallejo to Marysville, 91 miles; Vallejo to Calistoga, 45 miles; Donahue to Healdsburg, 38 miles; and the connecting link from Petaluma to Suscol, 22 miles. This connection is now being surveyed, and will be finished in time for the wheat season of this year.

The steamer Capital, the finest vessel upon this coast, connects the business of this road with San Francisco, making the distance, 23 miles, in one hour and a half. From the earliest existence of the road, General J. B. Frisbie and A. D. Starr, Esq., of Vallejo, have been associated in its interests, and done much in forwarding the enterprise. The locomotives used are from the well known works of William Mason, Taunton, Mass., and sustain the high reputation of that manufacturer. The passenger coaches in use are claimed to be the finest on the coast, and fitted as they are with the Millers' patent platform, they reduce very materially the chances of injury by collision.

The present officers of the road are: President, Col. J. P. Jackson; Vice-President, F. D. Atherton; Secretary, Geo. W. Roberts; Treasurer, Milton S. Latham; Auditor, G. W. Roberts; General Superintendent, R. S. Mattison; Superintendent of Steamboats, Capt. W. H. Moor; General Freight and Passenger Agent, L. C. Fowler; Master Machinist, Oscar Ford; Master Carpenter, R. L. Rutherford.

It is generally understood that the controlling interest in the stock of this company is owned in Europe. A very liberal policy has been manifested in the conduct of its affairs. Local traffic has been largely increased by a system of commutation tickets, by which the usual fare is greatly reduced.

Two trains await the arrival of the boat at South Vallejo; one for Napa Valley and Calistoga, the

other for Sacramento and Marysville. Passengers for Vallejo may take either train, but if going beyond Vallejo, care must be taken to get on board the right one.

Vallejo Crossing.

Passengers by either train are conveyed by carriages from this point to the city of Vallejo for 25 cents, to Vallejo White Sulphur Springs, easterly three miles, for 50 cents, or to Benicia, seven and a half miles southerly, for \$1.00.

Vallejo is one of the most thriving places in the State, and its population is rapidly increasing. Principal hotel, Capitol, situated on the bay opposite Mare Island ferry; terms, \$2.00 a day, special rates by the week; William Likins proprietor and owner. The livery stable of John Brownlie is close at hand on Virginia street, where horses and carriages can be procured for White Sulphur Springs, or elsewhere, on reasonable terms.

General Mariano de Guadalupe Vallejo had the honor of giving his name to this city. He was sent in 1835 by Figueroa, the military commandant at Monterey, with a body of troops to chastise the Indians about the head of San Francisco Bay, and after defeating them in a hard-fought battle, concluded a treaty of peace with them. For this service and many others of great importance rendered to the Mexican Government, he received large

grants of land, upon a portion of which Vallejo now stands. It was in 1850 the capital of the State, but shortly after the seat of government was changed to Benicia, and subsequently to Sacramento. The climate of Vallejo is delightful; average temperature 66° in summer, and 49° in winter. Cold winds and fogs are rare. The water front is unsurpassed, the largest ocean-going vessels being able to approach the wharf. Much of the prosperity of Vallejo is due to the ability and enterprise of Gen. John B. Frisbie. Vallejo is a lively, thriving place, surrounded by many objects of interest to the tourist.

Mare Island.

U. S. NAVY YARD.—Ferry every hour; fare over and return, 25 cents. Immediately on landing, strangers are taken in charge by the guard, no one being permitted to roam *ab libitum* without a pass. The origin of the name *Isla de la Yegua*, is claimed by some to have arisen from a shipwrecked mare of Gen. Vallejo's having reached the island in safety; by others, as having been used as a breeding ground. The island is about ten miles in circumference, with a rich soil and uneven surface. Anchorage in the stream is good, and vessels of the largest size can approach the shore. Admiral Farragut took possession for the Government in 1854. Commodore Goldsborough is at present commandant,

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and Capt. Werden, executive officer. The officers' quarters consist of a row of good, three-story, double brick dwellings, well furnished and lighted with gas. The other buildings are the foundry, smithy, ordnance department, magazine, store-houses, &c. The new Naval Hospital was erected at a cost of about \$250,000, and the Dry Dock and Basin at a cost of \$1,000,000. The dry dock consists of ten floating sections, and will accommodate the largest ships in the world. From five hundred to two thousand five hundred workmen are constantly employed. The island must be entirely cleared of them at night, so that four times a day the bay swarms with little boats, presenting quite a lively appearance.

Vallejo White Sulphur Springs.

Three and a half miles from the city. Stages connect with all the trains and boats at Vallejo; fare 50 cents. Time from San Francisco, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. These springs, on account of their nearness to San Francisco, will in time, undoubtedly, become very popular. Improvements are being rapidly pressed forward, trees planted, artificial lakes, fed by the springs, buildings, &c. There are two springs and ample facilities for bathing, with hot and cold sulphur water. The Hotel contains twenty rooms. The bar, ball room, ten-pin alley, and gentlemen's recreation quarters, are in a building separate and

apart from the hotel. An unlimited number of cottages will be erected as occasioned by the demand. Horses may be obtained on the premises. Board, \$15 a week in the hotel, and \$18 a week in the cottages. From five to ten persons may occupy a cottage. Children and servants half price. Hawkins & Netterberg, proprietors. Cinnabar, containing sixty per cent. quicksilver, is found on the surface of the hills southeast of the springs, and a seam has been traced some distance underground.

Benicia,

A beautiful drive of seven and a half miles over ground which should have held the metropolis of the Pacific. With the Strait of Carquinez as the centre, in points of climate, soil, water frontage, and natural advantages for the site of a large city, this spot is unequalled anywhere. The rolling highlands on the opposite side only lack the picturesque villas to make them fully a match for the Hudson or the Rhine. The Bay of Suisun, Monte Diablo, and the garden spot between, completes this most magnificent scene. Benicia contains several large schools: the college of St. Augustine, (Episcopalian) St. Catharine's Seminary, (Catholic) Monastery of St. Dominic, and the Arsenal and Barracks. An old brick school house of painful doric simplicity, marks the spot of our incipient legislation. Taking

the Napa Valley train upon the arrival of the steamer at Vallejo at 10 A. M. or 5 30 P. M. we proceed on our journey. Shortly after leaving Vallejo Crossing, the traveler will observe the Good Templars' Orphan Asylum, a large building upon the hills at his right. The valley continues narrow until we reach the next station,

Napa Junction.

Here a town site has been laid off under the name of Adelante, but the town is yet in the future. The Napa branch joins the Sacramento branch of the railroad at this point, and the train for Calistoga and intermediate places in Napa Valley is switched off to the left; the Sacramento train taking a direction towards the northeast, while the Napa train proceeds northwardly.

Napa Valley.

The magnificent valley of Napa here begins to open out in fair proportions. For about forty miles on each side of the valley is a high range of mountains and hills, sometimes covered with grass or wild oats, but more frequently with dark evergreen trees or chapparal, to the very summit, and all presenting against the sky that sharp, clear-cut, cameo-like beauty of outline peculiar in the landscapes of the Pacific coast. The valley itself exhibits every variety of rural wealth : waving grain

fields, meadow lands, vast orchards and vineyards, miles upon miles of fertile fields dotted with gigantic oaks, pleasant villages and cosy country homes, each enshrined in its own pet wilderness of shrubbery and flowers. No eye can look upon a scene of such transcendent loveliness with indifference. No valley in the State surpasses Napa in fertility or productiveness. There has never been a failure of crops here since the American occupation of the country. In proportion to the area in cultivation, no part of the State excels it in the production of grains, fruits and grapes. Vineyards are becoming very numerous, and the making of wine and brandy already constitute an important branch of industry.

Suscol,

Formerly called Thompson's station, takes its name from the Suscol ranch, upon which are the extensive and widely-known orchards of Messrs. Thompson. When Mr. Simpson Thompson first commenced these orchards in 1852, the Mexicans laughed at him, saying that "trees would not grow without irrigation, and that without it even wheat would not grow more than six inches high." Indeed, such was the general opinion, even among Americans at that period; but it was soon proved that a thorough pulverization of the soil rendered all irrigation needless. This Mr. Thompson demonstrated by show-

ing to the Mexicans ripe peaches, only two years old from the pit. The first sales were made at \$2.50 per pound. At this point was a bloody and decisive battle in 1835, between General Vallejo with a force of six hundred Mexican troops, and a vast number of Indians, in which the latter lost two hundred killed, and a greater number were wounded.

Napa City.

This is an active and thriving town at the head of navigation on Napa river, thirty-nine miles from San Francisco. There are six feet of water here at high tide. A steamer and many sail vessels ply on the river, chiefly engaged in carrying freight. The town contains between 3,500 and 4,000 inhabitants, and is the county-seat of Napa county. It has several hotels, an extensive flouring-mill, a ladies' seminary, collegiate institute, six churches, a bank, two weekly newspapers, gas works, engine house, one fire and one hook and ladder company, a Masonic, Odd Fellows, and Good Templars' lodge. No point in the State offers better advantages for education. The chief exports are wheat, wool, wine, brandy, fruits of all kinds, and quicksilver, such being the principal productions of the surrounding country. The Napa seminary for young ladies, established many years ago by Miss Maria S. McDonald, and still continued by her sister, Miss Sarah F. McDonald, is an institution of merit.

The Napa Collegiate Institute, under charge of President George, was established and is conducted under the auspices of the California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and furnishes every facility for a thorough education. The grounds are five acres in extent, filled with fine ornamental shrubbery, and the school edifice is one of the largest and most perfect in all its appointments to be found in the State. The site selected for the Odd Fellows' College and Home, is a mile west of the town, and is commanding and eligible. The town is well built for a place of only twenty years' growth, and its situation is unsurpassed. Few towns in the State at this time are in a more prosperous condition. A greater number of buildings have been erected within the past twelve months than within five years previous, among which may be named the elegant iron-front bank building of Messrs. J. & J. H. Goodman, and a large edifice to be used as a town hall or for public meetings. A stage makes two trips per day to and from Sonoma, connecting with the trains at Napa City; fare, \$1.00. There is also a road from Napa City to Monticello, in Berreyessa Valley, twenty-four miles, upon which there is a tri-weekly stage, which passes on to Knoxville, Lake County.

Pope Valley Quicksilver Mines.

About thirty-five miles northeast from Napa City, in Pope Valley, are several quicksilver claims of

promise, one of which is now being successfully worked by the Phoenix Mining Company. The mine has been worked from time to time by different parties for several years, but has never been a paying property until within a few months. Under the administration of George Fellows, Esq., Superintendent, it has paid several dividends, and undoubtedly, from present indications, will prove permanently productive. The product of the mines since June, 1870, has been 1,175 flasks, worth \$76,116.39, with only twenty-five men employed. Fifty men are now employed. Six retorts are now used, which will fuse 250 to 300 flasks per month. Pope Valley is about ten miles long and from one to two miles broad, dotted over with beautiful oaks, pines and madronas. It contains some fine farms, and is one of the most beautiful of the inland valleys of the county.

Since the completion of the railroad, Napa City has become a place of great resort during the traveling season, and is often thronged with visitors. The Revere House is the principal hotel, and has been refitted and furnished throughout in elegant style, for the accommodation of travelers and permanent guests. The proprietor, Mr. J. W. Sharp, will spare no pains to please all who may visit him. Terms, \$2.00 per day; \$10.00 to \$14.00 per week. A pleasant place for families is the boarding-house of Mr. S. E. Smith, corner of Third and Randolph

streets. It is delightfully situated, surrounded by evergreen shrubbery, newly furnished, and kept in elegant style. Terms, \$10.00 per week; children and servants, half price.

There are many delightful drives in the environs of Napa. For a short excursion, a trip to Brown's Valley, to the soda springs, or to the magnificent orchard and vineyard of Messrs. Thompson, of Suscol, or the noble Magnolia Farm of Wm. H. Nash, Esq., up the valley, would prove delightful. For a more extended trip, which would afford the tourist a fine view of a beautiful portion of our California valleys and mountain scenery, such a route as the following would be delightful: Drive the first day from Napa City to Santa Rosa, visiting the famous wine-cellar of Sonoma on the way; the second day to Healdsburg and the Geysers; the third to Calistoga; on the fourth to White Sulphur Springs to dinner, with ample time to take the afternoon train for San Francisco. Or, to the Geysers, remaining over night, and back to Napa, stopping at the White Sulphur Springs for dinner. The extensive livery stables of G. B. Clifford, at Napa City, can furnish carriages and horses, with careful drivers if desired, and provide an outfit just such as the tourist may require. One of the points of attraction for tourists near Napa, is found in

The Napa Soda Springs.

Analysis of the Napa Soda Water, by Dr. Landzweert, Chemist, of San Francisco, May, 1856; temperature, Fahr., 68° :

Residium from Evaporation in qr. gal.....	grs	17.19
Bicarb. of Soda.....	3.28	
Carb. of Magnesia.....	6.53	
“ Lime.....	2.72	
Chloride of Sodium.....	1.30	
Super. Carb. of Iron.....	1.96	
Sulphate of Soda.....	0.46	
Siliceous Acid.....	0.17	
Alumina.....	0.15	
Loss.....	0.62	17.19

These springs are situated in the foot-hills five miles northeast of Napa City, some two hundred feet above the general level of the valley. The landscape from the springs is very extensive and magnificent. A fine hotel was erected here in 1856, but was burned to the ground only a few weeks after being opened. The property has repeatedly changed hands, and is now occupied by Messrs. Fenn & Burdell. The soda springs are not much frequented by travelers, from the want of accommodations, but will surely become so whenever a good hotel shall have been erected. The water of these springs is in general use throughout the State. It is bottled on the spot in its natural condition, by means of very ingenious machinery. One hundred

and forty-four dozen bottles are daily sent to market. The water is rather pleasant to the taste, and is considered of much value for its medicinal properties.

Oak Knoll.

The magnificent estate of R. B. Woodward, Esq., at this place (formerly owned by the lamented Capt. J. W. Osborn) gives its name to this station. Here is one of the most extensive orchards in the State, which, like the whole of this valuable estate, shows everywhere evidences of careful cultivation. It will be remembered by many that Mr. Osborn was assassinated here a few years since, before the eyes of his wife and family, by a desperado named Brittan, who was afterwards executed.

Yountville.

This is a small village nine miles from Napa, lying half a mile east of the station. It will probably be superseded by a new town nearer the railroad, the site of which has already been laid off. Mr. G. Grozinger of San Francisco, has made a handsome beginning, by erecting here a wine house of brick, two stories high, one hundred and fifty by fifty feet and of the most substantial character; and a fine office, also of brick. He has twenty acres of grapes in bearing and sixty acres newly planted, and consumed last year five hundred tons of grapes

in the manufacture of wine. Here are forty immense casks of the capacity of sixteen hundred gallons each, besides hundreds of tuns, puncheons and casks of the usual dimensions. The amount of wine kept in store is one hundred thousand gallons. Two hundred acres of vines have been planted the present season about Yountville. Distance from Napa City nine miles. Fare 50 cents.

Oakville.

A way-station, about five miles from Yountville, in the widest and most beautiful part of Napa Valley. It is a trading centre for a large and prosperous farming community. About three miles above the station, in the hills on the left, and less than a mile from the railroad, are very promising mines of cinnabar, which, from their favorable location, must prove of immense value, if the ore is found in sufficient quantity. That taken out thus far is of a high grade. One company, the "Oakville," has recently put up retorts and is at work with every prospect of success.

St. Helena.

A prosperous village, built upon a site of remarkable beauty. Population, about six hundred. Soil, gravelly. Several beautiful dwellings have lately been erected. St. Helena is the centre of a large population of thrifty farmers and

vintagers, and will, doubtless, eventually, be the centre of the grape and wine trade for this region. There are thirty-three vineyards immediately around St. Helena, from nine to one hundred acres in extent, mostly in bearing, besides many which are smaller or newly planted. The business is in a prosperous condition. Six persons are engaged in wine making and two in distilling brandy, affording an excellent home market for grapes. A county road leads from St. Helena to Chile's Valley, *via* Conn Valley, and thence into Pope Valley; also, *via* Howell Mountain into Pope Valley. The latter road is now being completed. The grade is said, in the steepest portions, not to exceed seven feet in one hundred. This road also connects with a new road from Pope Valley to Knoxville, by which St. Helena will be twenty-five miles nearer than Napa City. Distance from Napa City, sixteen miles. Fare \$1.00.

White Sulphur Springs.

These springs, which are widely known for their medicinal and curative properties, are situated in a deep and romantic gorge of the mountains, two miles nearly west of the village of St. Helena, with which there is constant communication by a stage line. A fine stream flows through the gorge, forming a pleasing adjunct to the scenery. The mountains on each side of the springs are very steep and

some one thousand feet in height. Nature, so long blushing here unseen, is now utilized. Music and the sound of cheerful voices, the romping of groups of happy children, and all the sounds that rise where merry crowds are gathered, now break the primeval silence of nature, which but a few years ago here reigned supreme. This is truly one of the most charming retreats in the world. No more attentive hosts can be found than the present proprietors, Messrs. Alstrom & Schonewald. The White Sulphur Springs are a place of great resort during the spring and summer seasons; visitors may be met here from all parts of the world. There is a well-kept hotel, with separate cottages for guests, bath-houses, and all the necessary conveniences for a comfortable sojourn. A magnificent hotel erected here in 1855, by Messrs. Taft & Brewster, burned with all its contents in the following year. Several cottages have been recently built and many improvements made the present year. The road from St. Helena winds through vineyards and wooded hills, and is one of the best in the State. There are various charming drives in the neighborhood. Conveyance from the railway station at St. Helena, 50 cents.

Calistoga.

The Hot Springs (*aguas calientes*) of Calistoga were well known to the Indians and Mexican settlers, who availed themselves of their curative properties

long before the occupation of the valley by Americans. They are situated in a level valley near the foot of Mount St. Helena, in the northern part of the county, surrounded on all sides by mountains. The situation of these celebrated springs is one of much beauty, and the surroundings are picturesque in a high degree. No attempt was made to bring this locality into notice until within the past few years. The property came into the hands of Samuel Brannan, Esq., in 1857. He determined to make it a place of fashionable resort, and has already expended vast sums of money for the purpose. The improvements are on a grand scale, including a hotel, some twenty-five elegant cottages, bath rooms, a race-track, an immense number of trees, shrubbery, and flowering plants. Among the recent improvements are a dancing hall and skating rink, sixty by ninety feet, for the use of visitors. Upon the summit of Mount Lincoln, a beautiful hill near the hotel, is a reservoir which holds ninety-thousand gallons. The water to supply this is pumped up by steam from Napa Creek, and conveyed thither by pipes. From the same source, a pond for goldfish and a fountain are supplied. Upon Mount Lincoln is also an observatory from which is a magnificent view of the valley and the mountains in the neighborhood.

Directly in front of the hotel, a well was bored several years ago, to the depth of seventy feet,

when rock was struck preventing further progress. The uniform temperature of the water is 185° . There are many hot springs of different temperatures, and varying in their chemical character, and combining sulphur, iron and magnesia in different proportions.

Baths are nowhere found in such luxuriant variety as at Calistoga. The visitor will be introduced to some which are peculiar to the place, and which, perhaps, he may never have heard of before.

The Russian steam bath is formed by placing a bathing room over a spring of the temperature of 195° Fahr. The issue of steam can be regulated by slides, and the bather is supplied with air by an aperture provided for the purpose. The curative properties of these baths in certain chronic complaints is remarkable.

The hot sulphur water is claimed to serve, with a proper seasoning of pepper and salt, as an excellent substitute for "chicken broth," and to be quite palatable. The incredulous can easily test the matter, and ascertain whether the water is not "victuals and drink" all in one.

There is evidently some mysterious agency at work underground at Calistoga, not quite comprehensible to visitors. Chemists and *savans*, indeed, explain the matter in the most learned and scientific manner, by speaking of chemical reaction among mineral substances and the like, and make

out a very plausible theory. But the explanation, to many people, needs as much explaining as the mystery itself; and when a man finds the ground under his feet to be hot, and the waters issuing from it to be in the neighborhood of the boiling point, he cannot well help harboring a suspicion that the *diabolus ipse* is at work within perilous proximity, especially since the imagination is somewhat helped to the sinister conclusion by a prevailing and most Stygian odor.

A well was bored at this place, preparatory to the erection of the bath house, to the depth of sixty-five feet, when the boring instruments were blown out with tremendous force, high into the air, as if some unseen power beneath was resenting the intrusion of mortals upon his domain. The workmen ran for their lives, and could not be induced to resume operations on any terms.

Here is another evidence that the presiding genius of the place does not like to be disturbed. An attempt was made to pump water from this well. After a few strokes, a violent stream was blown out of the well, ten or fifteen feet high. If the pumping was stopped the blowing would stop also, but renewed afresh as often as the pumping was resumed. The water at the top being cold, seems to hold in abeyance the steam and intensely hot water below; the action of the pump relieves

the superincumbent pressure, when the hot water below rushes out.

One of the greatest luxuries afforded at Calistoga is the swimming bath. The water stands at the temperature of 72° Fahrenheit in summer, and the bath being fifty by forty feet and four feet deep, there is ample space for the swimmer. It can be engaged by parties of ladies or gentlemen on application at the office of the hotel.

There are complete arrangements for chemical, vapor, tub, mud, and shower baths, all arranged in the best manner to produce the necessary curative effects.

The mud bath is built over a spring of which the temperature is 165°, and is considered of remarkable efficacy in rheumatism. The chemical bath spring is 118°, and is the strongest sulphur water at the place. The ground is almost everywhere hot a short distance from the surface. A stew buried four feet deep comes up nicely cooked in two and a half hours.

A wash-house is built directly over a spring of pure soft water, of 113°, which seems to have been created expressly for laundry purposes.

The average summer temperature at Calistoga is as follows : A. M., 55°, M. 86° ; 6 P. M., 74° .

At Calistoga is also a fine race track ; and an excellent livery stable.

Grizzly, brown and cinnamon bear, deer, and

every species of wild game, are to be found within ten miles of Calistoga, and the streams from the adjacent hills abound with mountain trout.

Charges at Calistoga Hotel, \$3.00 per day ; special terms by the week. There is a telegraphic station at the hotel, communicating with all the lines in the Union.

Mr. E. B. Badlam, proprietor of the Calistoga Springs Hotel, devotes the most unremitting attention to the comfort and accomodation of his guests.

The National Hotel, kept by P. Sieben, has two dining rooms, one for regular boarders, and another for transient passengers. Charges, \$2 per day, and \$8 to \$10 per week; stable and billiard rooms connected with the establishment. This is an excellent house for invalids ; charges, moderate ; neat, clean, newly furnished and lately opened, near the railroad station. Baggage taken free to and from the cars.

There is an extensive distillery here, in which Messrs. Brannan and Keseberg produce brandy directly from the grape, by which process the natural flavor is said to be preserved, and the "California Cognac" rendered a rival to the best brands of France.

A considerable village is springing up about the railroad station, and is assuming the proportions of an inland business centre. It now contains 600 inhabitants.

Petrified Forest.

Five miles south of Calistoga, on the ridge that divides Napa and Santa Rosa valleys, is a fossil forest, the existence of which was first made known by Mr. Charles H. Denison, of San Francisco, in July, 1870. Prof. O. C. Marsh, who visited the spot in October, 1870, in company with the Yale College scientific party, reports as follows: "It is about two thousand feet in height, and is mainly composed of metamorphic rocks of cretaceous age, which are in places, as we ascertained, overlaid unconformably by later tertiary strata, consisting of light-colored, coarse sandstones and beds of stratified volcanic ashes. This ridge had long been covered with a dense growth of chaparral, but just before our visit a destructive fire had swept over a portion of it, rendering it comparatively easy to examine a large tract of country, which apparently had never been explored. A careful examination of the locality where the first prostrate trunks had been discovered, soon made it evident that those now on the surface had all been weathered out of the volcanic tufa and sandstones, which form the summit of this part of the mountain ridge. Several large silicified trees were, indeed, subsequently found in the vicinity, projecting from the side of a steep bluff, which had partially escaped denudation. Extending our explorations among the mountains for several miles around, we were rewarded by the

discovery of many additional fossil trunks at various points, showing conclusively that this tertiary deposit contained the remains of an extensive forest of very large trees, which had apparently been overthrown and entombed by some volcanic irruption. Portions of nearly one hundred distinct trees, scattered over a tract three or four miles in extent, were found by our party, and the information we received from hunters and others familiar with the surrounding country, renders it more than probable that the same beds, containing similar masses of silicified wood, extend over a much greater area.

The fossil trees washing out of this volcanic tufa were mostly of great size, and appeared to be closely related to some of the modern forests of the Pacific coast, especially gigantic conifers. All the trees discovered were prostrate, and most of them, after their petrification, had been broken transversely into several sections, apparently by the disturbance of the enclosing strata."

The trees lie generally north and south, some with portions of roots still attached. Prof. Marsh was unable to determine their age. He thinks the origin of the volcanic material which covered the forest, may have been Mount St. Helena.

A grotto built of portions of these fossil trees, laid up without mortar so as to show their structure, has been constructed in front of the hotel at Calistoga. Specimens are furnished to visitors.

Mount St. Helena,

An extinct volcano, is situated northwest from Calistoga. It is about five miles to the base and ten to the summit, although in a clear day apparently much nearer, and by actual measurement 4,343 feet high. It was named after the Grand-Duchess Helene, of Russia. The summit was visited by the Russian naturalist, Wosnessensky, in 1841. The copper plate placed upon the mountain, with a record of his visit, was removed for preservation by the officers of the Geological Survey. Doubtless it was by eruptions from this mountain, in some long-forgotten age, that the petrified forest ten miles south was entombed. An excellent trail has been cut from Calistoga to the summit.

The Geysers.

There are two routes from San Francisco to the Geysers; one by the steamer Capital from the foot of Front street, at 8 A. M. and 4 P. M., excepting Sundays, when there is one departure, viz: at 8.30 A. M. Connection with cars at Vallejo for Calistoga, passing through Napa valley. Fare to Calistoga, \$3.50.

The other route is by steamer Sacramento, which leaves foot of Jackson street at 8.30 A. M., connecting with cars at Donahue, and thence, *via* Petaluma and Santa Rosa, to Healdsburg. Fare to Santa Rosa, \$2.

Stages leave Calistoga every morning and afternoon for the Geysers. Stages also leave Healdsburg every morning and evening for the same destination. The fare either from Healdsburg or from Calistoga to the Geysers is \$6.

Passengers by the four o'clock departure from San Francisco remain over night at Calistoga or Healdsburg, and take stage the next morning for the Geysers. They can return on the same day either to Calistoga or Healdsburg, and, remaining over night, return to San Francisco the next morning.

The road from Calistoga is called the "new road," that from Healdsburg, the "old road." Distance from Calistoga to Knight's Valley (now called Peace Valley) is eight miles; to Pine Flat, nineteen miles; to Geyser Springs, twenty-eight miles. From Healdsburg to Foss Station, eight miles; to Geyser Peak, fourteen and a half miles, and to Geyser Springs, twenty miles.

Over the New Road.

Mr. J. F. Manning, in *Lippincott's Magazine*, gives the following vivid account of a trip over this road:

"Early in the morning we are ready for the world-renowned stage-ride to the Geysers. Punctually at seven, Foss, the proprietor of the stage line, and his assistant, Albertson, are at the hotel door. As promptly as a conductor on a leading railway, Foss shouts out his "All aboard!" and is impatient of

delay. As the hand passes seven, the hour for starting, away we go, in two large open wagons, each drawn by four strong and spirited horses, who are familiar with every rod of the twenty-eight miles between us and the Geyser Hotel.

The first ten miles pass along a narrow valley dotted occasionally with farmhouses. Thus far the road is nearly level, but now the valley ceases abruptly, and the ascent of the mountains begins. The horses are changed, and after a few minutes rest we take a fresh start. The country is wild and broken, no habitations in sight—nothing but Nature as it came from the hand of its Creator. We look ahead in the direction in which the road we are on seems to lead, and endeavor to descry its course, but it is like trying to see through the perspective of a labyrinth. So we content ourselves with snatching occasional glimpses as some ascent, descent or sharp turn brings a portion into view.

The track is just wide enough for a single carriage. In many places, where it has been blasted out of solid rock, there are not six inches of leeway. The hubs of the right-hand wheels revolve close to the perpendicular banks, and the others almost jut out over the edge of the precipices, some of which go down nearly straight from one thousand to three thousand feet. After a ten-mile drive the summit is reached. It offers one of the grandest views of mountain scenery which the globe affords. As far

as the eye can see (and the vision sweeps many times farther in this clear atmosphere of the Pacific shore than anywhere east of the Mississippi) mountains succeed mountains, peaks are piled on peaks, gorges, ravines, cañons, divide them, serving to throw into shadow the steeps as the fleecy clouds go scudding athwart the bluest of heavens. Gazing away for scores of miles, the earth's surface seems nothing but mountains. We wonder where the plains are, the fields waving with grain, the vine-clad hills, the orchards, the villages and towns. Apparently we are in an endless region of mountain waste, and doubt if it will be possible to find our way back again to civilization, even with a compass, unless it be by the skill of this daring champion reinsman of the world, Foss. How delicious to linger on this summit! The breezes, tempering to an agreeable point the fierce rays of the sun, sweep, not too roughly, clear and bracing over these topmost heights. It is a mountain paradise. How we long to tarry here for days, and get new strength and fresh inspiration from this well nigh aerial spot!

As the stages wound their way up the steeps we met a carriage coming in the opposite direction. At first the thought came that one or the other must back to some spot where the way broadened, that we might pass each other. But, by unusual good luck, we chanced to be in a portion of the road where we could see ahead several rods, and between

the approaching vehicles the track widened out a little, pieces of blasted rock and earth having lodged on a portion of the bank. By all of one party alighting, and the carriage being drawn out to the very verge of the precipice and kept in place by several strong arms, skillful driving managed to get us by safely. As there is only one line of stages running over this route, and private carriages very rarely travel it, little difficulty is experienced in meeting and passing.

After lingering a while on the top of the mountain ridge, the eight mile descent down the other side begins. The horses snuff the air and prick up their ears, preparing for the downward course. Evidently they are glad they are up, and relish the prospect of going down, as easier and more exciting. The driver cracks his long whip forward over the leaders; and, familiar with the signal, away they prance, and are soon in a ten-mile gait. In the whole eight miles there is not a single quarter which is straight. The road winds constantly, turning and meandering the entire distance. Sometimes there are short, sharp, elbow-like turns, almost in ox-bow form. Except at places widely separated, the track is of uniform width, leaving only about six inches between the line where the outer wheels roll along and the edge of the declivities, which shoot down one thousand, two thousand, even three thousand, feet to the bottom, where the boil-

ing, tumbling brooks course along over their rocky, shrub-bordered beds. The sides are rough with projecting rocks and scrubby trees, mostly oaks and madrones. A tripping horse, a sudden lurch of the vehicle to the outer side, or a broken axle, would, in all human probability, throw the load into the abysses. And yet, during the nine years' driving, no harm has ever come to any one. The utmost care is used in keeping wagons and harness in excellent order. If one can control his nerves, keep cool and enjoy the majestic scenery, the sure and nimble movements of the trained horses, the perilous points, and the skill and daring of the driver, there is not a pleasanter ride on the continent. As the leaders pass the ox-bow turns, they seem to be plunging head-foremost against the thither bank, but as their noses almost touch it they spring quickly and with certain bound to the centre: round come the wheel horses in fine style, and the carriage follows as smoothly and easily as on the best race-track. The driver's face occasionally wears a conquering smile, and he says, with a slight impatience at our timidity, and an assuring tone and manner, "Perfectly safe—driven here nine years, and no accident has happened. I guess *you* will get there all right."

From Healdsburg to Geyser Springs.

The road from Healdsburg passes four or five miles through scenery of singular beauty. Fancy a country composed of mounds of from one hundred to five hundred feet in height, arranged in every possible style of grouping, or piled against and upon each other, yet always rounded off with most wonderful smoothness and grace; not a line but curves as exquisitely as the loins of the antique Venus, covered with a short, even sward of golden grass, and studded with trees, singly, in clumps, or in groves, which surpass in artistic perfection of form all other trees that grow. "This," said Bayard Taylor, "is certainly the last created portion of our planet. Here the divine Architect has lingered over his work with reluctant fondness, giving it the final caressing touches, with which he pronounced it good. Our further journey seemed to be through some province of dreamland. As the valley opened again, and our course turned eastward toward the group of lofty mountains in which the Pluton river lies hidden, visions of violet peaks shimmered afar, through the perfect trees. Headlands, crowned with colossal redwood, were thrust forward from the ranges on either hand, embaying between them the loveliest glens. After crossing the Russian river a second time—here a broad bed of pebbles—are fields and farm-houses. The road is

continually crossed by deep *arroyos*, the smaller gullies being roughly bridged with loose logs, covered with brush. We were evidently approaching the confines of civilization." Eight miles from Healdsburg, at the foot of Geyser Peak, the traveler reaches Foss station, which is twelve miles from the Geysers. The road passes up a small cañon and crosses over the side of a conical mountain called Geyser Peak, which rises 3,800 feet above the sea level, and in clear weather is distinctly visible from the bay of San Francisco. Eastward, across intervening valleys, rises St. Helena, 4,343 feet high; while to the west and south, the valley of Russian river, which here makes an abrupt curve, spreads out wide before us, a dazzling picture of warmth, life, and beauty, covered as with a misty violet bloom. The road is shaded with pines, oaks, and gigantic madronas, with an undergrowth of buckeye and manzanita. Gradually ascending, for a mile and a half, the first terrace or abutment of the mountain chain is reached, where the road follows the top of the ridge for three or four miles. Across a deep hollow on the right, splendidly robed in frosts, rises Geyser Peak, covered to the summit with purple chemical. Descending into this hollow, which narrows to an abrupt gorge, the road regains the summit of the ridge beyond the gorge, and gradually winding, brings the traveler to the height of three thousand

two hundred feet, the highest part of the road, called the "Summit." Here is a region of the wildest sublimity. Sheer down descend huge mountain sides to depths unknown, for they are concealed by the thick-set pillars of the fir and redwood. Opposite, heights rise equally abrupt; over their almost level line, the blue wall of a chain beyond, and scattered peaks in the dim distance. The intervening gorges run east and west, but that which crosses the course of the road, is divided by a narrow partition wall, or sharp mountain crest, crossing it transversely, and connecting the summits of the two chains; and over this partition wall, called the "Hog's Back," lies the road. For several miles the road continues along the curves of this narrow ridge, (forming the "divide" between Sulphur creek and Pluton river) which, although widened out by blasting and filling up chasms, at an expense of many thousand dollars, is rarely over ten or twelve feet wide, and in one place only seven. On each side the mountain plunges sheer down thousands of feet to the ravines below, the bottom of which is invisible from the steepness of the sides. This part of the trip has been compared to riding along the edge of the roof of a Gothic church. This comparatively level portion of the road opens upon a hilly region, and finally pitches sharply down a steep mountain ridge, making thirty-five sharp turns, and descending sixteen hundred feet

in a distance of two miles, to the Pluton river, where the Geyser Springs hotel awaits the traveler.

At the Geysers.

The hotel stands near the Pluton river, which runs through a deep mountain gorge, called Pluton cañon, and empties into Russian river. Standing upon the verandah, the visitor looks up Geyser cañon, in which are the more notable springs, and which enters the Pluton just opposite the hotel, at right angles. Mr. J. C. Susenbeth, proprietor of the hotel, has taken every pains to provide good entertainment to all visitors to the Geysers. Good fare, civil treatment, comfort and cleanliness may be relied upon, and no effort will be lacking to render a visit pleasant to every guest.

The Pluton cañon, extending to the right and left, is much longer than the other, and its sides very precipitous—in some places perpendicular. The stream which flows through it is filled with mountain trout, that seem to sport, unconscious of the sulphurous odor that pervades the air, and the subterraneous turmoil in progress close at hand. To explore the Geyser cañon, we descend the bank of the Pluton by a devious, irregular, winding path, cross a small rustic bridge, and find ourself face to face with the chief wonders of this apparently “infernal region.”

The best method of exploring, is to enter the

bottom of the cañon and climb gradually to the top. The distance is half a mile. Many persons, ladies especially, are deterred from doing so, but there is nothing very difficult or dangerous in it. The width at the bottom is from one to two rods, and the mountains forming its sides, rise fourteen hundred or fifteen hundred feet, at an angle of forty-five degrees. A small stream, rising at the head of the cañon, flows through its whole length. Cold and pure at its source, it is heated and sullied in its progress, by the springs that pour their waters into it. Springs of all sorts : white, red, and black sulphur, iron springs, soda springs, alum springs, epsom salt springs, all unite to make of the little brooklet a nauseous, pale, milky mixture of unimaginable ingredients, beyond the reach of chemical analysis.

Commencing at the foot of the cañon, we first meet with the "alum spring," so strongly impregnated with iron that incrustations are formed around it in a single night. Just beyond it is a deep pool, which receives the united waters of the various springs above it, and which has received the name of the "Medicated Geyser Bath." It is indeed highly medicated, containing iron, magnesia, sulphur, epsom salts, and other substances ; and being cooled down in its progress to about the temperature of summer, is said by visitors to be a most luxurious bath. Close at hand is a boiling alum

and sulphur spring, and a "black sulphur" spring, both of the temperature of 150° . Beyond these is the "boiling black sulphur spring," which is constantly roaring in a state of violent ebullition. Proceeding further up the cañon, the springs, great and small, become more numerous, and are bubbling and boiling in all directions. The water of the stream is hot, and the earth under foot is nearly as hot as the water. The rocks on all sides are incrustated with epsom salts, tartaric acid, alum, magnesia and sulphur, which have been bleaching and mingling in all proportions, for unknown ages, and streaked their surfaces with dismal and unearthly colors. One spring is called the "Devil's Inkstand," and the registry at the hotel is written with its dark colored contents. Every boiling spring has its own peculiar sound, varying with the season and the pressure of the atmosphere. One is called the "Devil's Gristmill," as it produces a sound precisely like that of a mill in motion.

But high above every other sound, is the roaring of the great "Steamboat Geyser." The steam of this Geyser issues from an opening in the rocks about two feet in diameter, near the bottom of the cañon. The heat is so great as to render the steam invisible for five or six feet above the aperture. On a clear day it forms a column three hundred feet high, and which is dangerous to approach too nearly.

But the prevailing sound, more terrible to the visitor than all others, is the continuous subterraneous roar, like that which precedes an earthquake. The cavernous ground shakes and trembles under his feet; at the slightest aperture through the thin crust of the surface, hot jets of sulphurous steam escape. The discordant din of the hundreds of steam vents, and the noxious gases emitted on every side, combine to impress the visitor with awe or terror. He feels that resistless power is working all around him and beneath his feet, against which it were in vain to contend, and in spite of himself, finds doubts creeping over him as to the safety of mortals venturing within the scope of its activity. Only a few steps from the Steamboat Geyser is the "Witches' Caldron." All around this the ground is shaking continually; the surface is a clammy mass of mud mingled with crystals of sulphur. A horrible cavity opens in the black rock before the visitor, over seven feet wide, and of fathomless depth, filled with a black, diabolical looking fluid, seething, boiling and raging around the caldron, rising occasionally one or two feet above its sides, and sending forth a most doleful hissing and howling sound, yet never running over. The temperature of the water is 200°.

A curious incident occurred here in 1861. From some unknown cause the "Witches' Caldron" became emptied of its contents and filled with steam.

The proprietor of the Geyser Hotel, fearing that the place would thus be deprived of one of its chief attractions, caused a small stream of water to be led into the caldron, curious himself to see what would be the result. The instant the cool water came in contact with the lower portion of the cavity, a fearful commotion ensued. The ground for several rods about shook with violence, and in a few minutes after, the inflowing water was ejected with stunning reports, and thrown to the height of nearly one hundred feet. In about three hours after the water was shut off, the viscid fluid re-appeared and has continued to boil and bubble ever since.

No language can adequately describe the impression produced by the first visit to the Geysers. The wild scenery around, the torn, irregular walls of the cañons, splintered into form by earthquakes, and dyed in all shades of color by the action of chemicals, aided by subterraneous fires, the fierce heat, the stunning, stifling vapors, and the wild, threatening sound of the heated and pent-up waters, that seem maddened into fury and struggling to escape, all combine to produce sensations at once novel and startling.

“The Mountain of Fire” is an extensive elevation, crusted over with brittle crystals of sulphur, and from which steam issues in a hundred places. The sight is less impressive than many others, but a view of it confirms the belief of the spectator in

the vastness of the subterraneous fires at work in this region.

It would be useless to mention by name all the springs in this cañon, if, indeed, all of them have received names. As is but natural, in the nomenclature thus far adopted in this Tartarian region, his Satanic Majesty receives the highest honors. At the Geysers the visitor will find the "Devil's Apothecary Shop," the "Devil's Inkbottle," and, strangest of all, the "Devil's Pulpit." The latter is the name of a projecting rock at the head of the cañon.

About four miles northeast, up Pluton cañon, on the side of a hill at an altitude of two thousand two hundred feet, are the Little Geysers, a series of hot springs, but which contain no mineral substances.

The region about the Geysers is wild and beautiful, with extensive forests and abundant game. Deer and bears, quail and trout, are still plentiful in these secluded mountain fastnesses.

Rev. T. Starr King, who visited the Geysers in 1860, says:

"The Geysers are situated in a ravine, called, not inappropriately, 'The Devil's Cañon,' which is a vast trench a quarter of a mile long, cut out of another large ravine nearly fifteen hundred feet deep.

Instead of following up the little stream that

flows through the smaller ravine, we started for the upper portion of the cañon, in order to follow down the rivulet that enters the frightful trench a pure, cold mountain rill, and issues from it a quarter of a mile below, hot and saturated with nearly all the acids of a medical laboratory. Just before reaching the point for the descent, we came upon the 'Boiling Caldrons,' as they are called. These were openings in the ground, partly protected by a back setting of volcanic looking rocks, where pools of water were boiling or simmering. In one of them we could watch the swash, a slaty-hued ditch water, as it seemed, which exhaled the stench of dock mud. It appeared to be a vent for some boiling sewer of the pit. Three feet off, cleaner water was bubbling, with a gentle cooking sound; and at another short remove, steam was issuing from a score of vents in steady whiffs, depositing around each little opening beautiful feathery crystals of sulphur. The ground was very hot, and soon suggested to the feet the necessity of quick observations. Yet the scene was not entirely devoid of life. A bob-tailed lizard, a genuine salamander, was running over the baked and burning soil as though he enjoyed the temperature. And twenty feet distant, charming wild flowers were growing, with a touch of blight from the neighboring heat or steam.

The 'Devil's Cañon,' which we now enter at the

upper end, after leaving these caldrons, is from two to three hundred feet deep, and as dreary a piece of desolation as one will be likely to find on the surface of the globe, and this side of the moon. It slopes on either hand to so narrow a bottom, that the little Pluton creek has just room to thread its way through. A few very sickly-looking trees straggle along the upper edges, but the sides are fatal to any vegetable life. Half-way down the earth is reddish; then various dismal colors are laid in—the signs of a rich variety of chemical experiments by nature, on a large scale. There are the white knolls bulging out from the lower slopes, reddish, iron-rust patches, ashy patches, slaty and greenish stains, and every other hue that suggests blight and deadliness. Out of it all, too, steam is hissing in larger and smaller columns, from two to three hundred blow-holes, a fit accompaniment to the aspect of desolation. Standing on a jutting point over the upper end of the ravine, that commands a view on both sides, and also of the exquisite freshness and beauty of the larger ravine walls, within which the ‘Devil’s Cañon’ is enclosed, the contrast of the organizing and the decomposing forces which nature wields with equal ease, is very striking and impressive.

The Pluton creek is cool when it first enters the smaller ravine out of the larger one, but it is even then strongly impregnated with sulphur, and

though beneficial, is anything but pleasant to take—like most beneficial appliances in nature. As we began to follow it down between the hissing walls, we were saluted with a stench which our chemical companion described as pure sulphide of hydrogen—better known to some philanthropists on unpopular platforms, as the gas set free from venerable eggs when suddenly ruptured. There must have been a frightfully large subterraneous nest of them not many rods under our feet.

We hurried by many of the lesser wonders in order to reach the great Steamboat spring, on the right hand wall of the cañon. This is the spout whose loud wheezing we heard, nearly a mile off, while descending into the larger ravine on horse-back. Around it is a huge pile of slags and frightful clinkers, over which rises the continual roar of escaping steam from an orifice two feet in diameter, and, in pulsations, precisely like those of a huge engine hard at work. Each beat sends the vapor up visibly fifty to a hundred feet; but in the early morning, when the air was cool, I saw a column five hundred feet high, and widened to a cloud above, belched from the strange boiler that relieves its wrath through the mountain side. Often, a little after sunrise, too, a rainbow³ can be seen on the steam-cloud, spanning the whole length of the awful trench, with hues as clear as if they were refracted in pure water-

drops, and not in sulphurous vapors fresh from Hades.

How a chemist would revel in the noxious and mephitic vapors that puff or whistle out of the leached, hot walls ! Here he would turn up a patch of brown, crumbly soil, and find a clay that looks like blue vitriol ; near by, under a shelving ledge, is a brisk, bubbling pool, overhung with verdigris encrustings ; a few feet off spurts a beaded jet of hot waters which sheds a dismal brown casting over the surrounding earth ; a little way further still, is a spring that looks like pure hot ink ; then we discover a rock of alum that weighs two or three hundred pounds ; then a small fountain of Epsom salts ; not far off, again, a basin apparently of boiling soap-suds ; then iron springs, soda springs, white, red, and black sulphur springs ; and soon a foul Stygian sluice, close to the wall, from which a steam exhales that covers the overhanging earth with a slimy deposit which eats your clothes if you touch it, as ravenously as aqua fortis. Whether the origin of the heats and vapors is volcanic, or simply chemical, is not decided yet, I believe, by the scientific gentlemen who have visited the ravine. If it is volcanic, Satan's medicine-shop must be not very far below the line of Pluton creek.

After leaving the ' Steamboat Spring,' and clambering along the sides of a cliff, from which steam is flying through fifty fissures, we must stop a few

minutes at the 'Witches' Caldron.' This is on the same side of the ravine with the Steamboat spring, and some fifty rods below. It is a pool six feet in diameter, without any visible outlet, where a liquid, thick and black, is continually boiling and swashing. The portion of the wall that stands immediately over it is begrimed, like a chimney back, for fifteen feet up, and then above is crusted with charming vesicular sulphur crystals. Twenty feet opposite, on the left wall of the ravine, is a crevice called the 'Devil's Grist Mill,' from which boiling water spurts clean, and the steam issues with precisely the sound of a grist mill in motion. The turbid, miry hue, and substance of the Witches' Caldron is the more curious from its neighborhood to this clear and powerful hot spring. The proper time to visit this spot would be in some moonlight evening, when wild winds were up, and heavy clouds were drifting across the sky. Then, in the intermitting shadows and gleams, one might feel the presence of spirits akin to the weird sisters around the reechy pool, and almost hear the chant—

Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

The Indians have brought their sick once a year, during the last century, to Sulphur springs, not far below, but they report no legends that attach to the marvelous cañon.

After leaving the cañon, we tried to bathe in the Holam, which is conducted at blood heat to a bath house an eighth of a mile distant. It was refreshing, as a bath ought to be when the water is medicated with every kind of drug and vapor that separately is accounted serviceable to the human frame. One ablution in such a tide, ought to save a man from the possibility of rheumatism for life. And more grateful than the bath, was the breathing of pure air, and the sight of healthful bloom, after two hours rambling over the hot ashes and through the Tartarean streams of the ravine. How delightful that so little of visible nature is a laboratory, in which we see her chemical processes raw. The more wonderful chemistry is that which is sheathed in beauty. There is more violent appeal to the senses in the column of steam that roars through the crevice of clinkers, and mounts a hundred feet to melt away; but there is greater power and a more cunning handling of the chemical forces in the driving of water two hundred feet high through the tree-veins to be arrested in the substance of leaf and twig, and in the sorcery that converts its drops into the hard column of the tree trunk, that will stand five hundred years.

In the 'Devil's Cañon,' we see nature analytic and critical; her work is mostly death. In the flowers and groves, and hillsides lined with beauty, just outside the sulphurous gorge, and in the blue air and noiseless light, we see nature, synthetic and creative, wrapping her acids in sweetness, veiling her noisome vapors in perfume, transforming her fires into bloom, harnessing her deadly gases to the work of adorning the earth and serving man. And we will ride away from the Geysers, grateful that we have seen its marvels and terrors, and the more grateful that the Creator hides from us, by so much ever-renewing loveliness on the bosom of the world, the awful fact which the 'Professor' has so concisely stated, that we live on a globe which has a 'crust of fossils and a heart of fire.' "

The Clear Lake Region

Is the only hunting ground of any great extent or importance near San Francisco, and its abundant game the chief attraction. Notwithstanding the inroads of civilization, the Lake region abounds in deer, bears, panthers, hare, squirrels, foxes, grouse, quail, pigeons, geese, and ducks, and its waters are filled with fish of many varieties; and the face of the country is so broken and mountainous, that wild animals can scarcely be exterminated. Doubtless game will be abundant, at least for the next

generation. As germane to this subject, we give the provisions of the Game Law, and the penalty for its violation :

“SECTION 1. It shall not be lawful for any person or persons hereafter to take, kill, or destroy any of the following game, within the time hereinafter specified, namely: quails, partridges, or grouse, mallard duck, wood duck, teal duck, or spoon-bill duck, and all other broad-bill ducks, shall not be taken, killed, or destroyed between the fifteenth day of March and the fifteenth day of September in each year.

“SEC. 2. It shall not be lawful for any person or persons hereafter to take, kill, or destroy the male or female of any elk, deer, or antelope between the first day of January and the first day of July in each year.

“SEC. 3. Any person or persons offending against either of the provisions contained in the preceding sections, or who shall buy, sell, or expose to be sold any such game above enumerated, or have any of the same in their possession, within the time and times therein specified, except such as are tamed and kept for show or curiosity, shall be fined in the sum of twenty-five dollars, for each and every quail or partridge, mallard duck, wood or summer duck, elk, deer, or antelope so killed, taken, or destroyed, bought or sold, or exposed to be sold, or in possession.

“SEC. 4. Each and every person or persons offending against the provisions of this Act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished, upon conviction, by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail for a term not to exceed thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.”

The stage leaves Calistoga at eight o'clock, A. M., for Lower Lake and Lakeport. Fare to Lakeport, \$5 00. Mr. Charles McGreer, proprietor of the line, drives a splendid team over a portion of the road, usually from Lower Lake to Lakeport.

Where the object in traveling by stage is to view the scenery, the first step should be to gain a seat beside the driver, if possible. This will secure several advantages, among which are an easier motion of the vehicle, an unobstructed and more extensive view, and good company. The stage-driver in California is frequently the owner of the line, and a California gentleman, above the average of his passengers in general intelligence and knowledge of the country. The only disadvantages of an outside seat is greater exposure to heat and cold.

Travel in these parts would be vastly increased if there was a steamer upon the Lake making regular trips to the various landings, and connecting with good stage lines.

Emerging from Napa valley at Calistoga, on our

trip to the Lake, we ascend Mount St. Helena by an easy grade. The road passes on the left side of a deep mountain gorge, gradually rising until the highest point is crossed, at an altitude of two thousand five hundred feet. The summit of St. Helena towers over eight hundred feet above. Here, in the early morning, a most magnificent spectacle is presented. As the traveler emerges into the sunlight from the sea of mist which fills the valleys of the coast range, and which until now has been invisible, he finds himself shut out, completely isolated, from all the lower world. A limitless ocean surrounds him on every hand—not palpable, yet to the eye as truly an ocean as the Pacific itself. Through this ocean, as if to complete the illusion, rise the mountain peaks, like islands in the expanse—their shore-lines sharp and well defined, and their sides clad in trees and verdure, or glistening with naked rocks. As the sun rises higher and higher, the watery vapor loses its density and its continuity, separating into fleecy clouds, and finally vanishing like a dream. Then the valleys below burst upon the sight in all their loveliness, stretching away in the blue distance, dotted with farm-houses, and traversed by living streams.

It is not probable that the railroad will ever be continued from Calistoga in this direction, as the most practicable route is probably from Suisun, through Putah cañon, Berreyessa valley, and Sulphur cañon

to Lower Lake., The country is quite level to the foot of Putah cañon, and throughout Berreyessa valley; Putah and Sulphur cañons, and the mountainous country from the head of the latter for eighteen miles, to the foot of Clear Lake, present formidable obstacles to the railroad engineer, only to be overcome by a large outlay of money.

Eight miles from Calistoga is the Toll House, a pleasant breathing spot, where the descent begins into Loconome Valley. This is a long, narrow strip, with now and then fertile spots, which are cultivated. Gold and silver have been found in this valley in small quantities. Twelve miles from the Toll House is a station for changing horses called

Middletown,

An embryo city, consisting of stables, a saloon, and a few houses, without much in the visible surroundings to excite great hopes for the future.

Three miles northwest of Middletown is situated

Harbin Springs.

A variety of mineral springs here abound, and visitors are provided with suitable accommodations.

Guenoc.

Four miles from Middletown, we arrive at Guenoc, a small trading centre in Coyote Valley, with a store, postoffice, and a few other buildings. Coyote

Valley is ten miles long, quite level, and remarkable for the number of detached conical hillocks rising here and there upon its surface. It is a beautiful region of fertile valley land, containing about ten thousand acres. From Coyote Valley the traveler proceeds, over Clear Lake Mountain—a low range abounding in quail, and a fine field for the sportsman—to Cache Creek Valley. Cache Creek is the outlet of Clear Lake. About twelve miles from Guenoc and two miles from the foot of the latter, and at the junction of several roads entering the valley, is situated the town of

Lower Lake.

Adjacent to this place are the dam and mills of the Clear Lake Water Company, which have given rise, for several years, to much disturbance and litigation. The population is about four hundred. The principal hotel is the Virginia House, kept by R. H. Lawrence. The vicinity offers great attractions for sportsmen. The celebrated Borax Lake is seven miles northward from the town, and the Sulphur Bank, ten miles. Borax is produced in large quantities, and has driven the foreign article from the market. Large quantities of sulphur from the works at the Sulphur Bank are consumed by the Marin and Santa Cruz Powder Works. A very fine view of Clear Lake is obtained from the road between Lower Lake and the Sulphur Bank. Eight-

een miles south, are the Redington and Manhattan quicksilver mines, both in successful operation. The Redington mine has proved highly productive for many years. Bartlett Springs are twenty-five miles north from Lower Lake.

Mr. R. H. Lawrence, proprietor of the Virginia House, is familiar with the hunting grounds, spending, as he does, much of his time with his gun. He will give all requisite information to sportsmen visiting his house. Quail, duck, geese, and deer abound in season. Myriads of wild pigeons congregate invitingly upon the trees; trout and perch may be taken from the middle of April to the middle of June. Lower Lake is quite a flourishing town, the centre of the borax and quicksilver trade, and is destined to prosperity.

Seigler Springs

Six miles westerly. At the latter, a hotel is kept by Messrs. Snodgrass & Boone, who have excellent accommodations for invalids. The Lakeport and Calistoga stage line, carries passengers from Lower Lake.

Six miles westerly from Lower Lake is

Clear Lake,

The waters of this lake are derived chiefly from springs beneath its surface, and along its banks. On the north shore, in one of the small bays formed by spurs of the mountains jutting into the lake,

numerous hot, boiling springs issue from fissures in the rocky bottom to a distance of two or three hundred yards from the shore, and spreading along it to twice that distance. The bather can here choose his own temperature. In the centre of the lake, where the water is seventy-five feet deep, gas bubbles agitate the surface over an area of hundreds of acres, indicating the existence of hot springs at the bottom. Some of these springs are of pure water; others strongly impregnated with mineral substances. The whole region round about abounds in hot and mineral springs, and the aspect of the country leads the observer irresistibly to the belief that volcanic fires have been, and still are, at work at no great depth beneath the surface. Indeed, the basin of the lake seems to have been formed by the sinking of the bottom to its present depth, as if by the sudden breaking in of a crust, leaving precipitous banks, with fifty or sixty feet of water, save in a few places, within a few yards from the shore.

It is on the eastern slope of the coast mountains, and from twelve hundred to fourteen hundred feet above the level of the ocean. The length of the lake from the outlet of Cache Creek is twenty-five miles, and the breadth is constantly varying at different points. For the first twelve miles it is from one to three miles, when the mountains on opposite sides approach each other, narrowing it to less than

half a mile. Beyond, the shores recede, and form a basin nearly circular, twelve miles in diameter. This narrow strait is the division between the "upper" and "lower" lakes.

The lake contains several small islands, among which are Coyempo and Alempo ; the former the site of an Indian village, and the latter, containing about thirty acres, the residence of Salvador, the chief of the Lake Indians. On the north shore, the mountains jut down almost directly into the lake, throughout nearly its entire length, scarcely affording a footpath. The rocky line is broken only by a few little valleys, the largest of which, "Lone Valley," contains only fifty acres. On the south side is situated the extensive plain called "Big Valley," bounded on the south by the mountain ridge that divides it from the waters of the Pluton river. Here the shores are shelving and bordered by a growth of tule. The average depth of the lake is said to be thirty-five feet.

From Lower Lake to Manning Lake is five miles; to Kelseyville, is sixteen miles ; to Lakeport, twenty-five miles.

Kelseyville

Is a small town upon the borders of Kelsey creek, named after Andrew Kelsey, an early settler, who was murdered by the Indians in 1852. His death was avenged shortly after by a detachment of U. S.

troops, who attacked and severely punished the Indians in a great battle upon the island of Alempo. At Kelseyville is a gas-producing hill. By sinking a spade in the earth, and applying a lighted match over the spot, the gas is ignited, and burns from one to five minutes. A hole was once dug seven feet, and a pipe put in, from which the gas burned for six weeks, and was then put out.

Uncle Sam.

Fifteen miles from Lakeport is Mount Uncle Sam (called Co-noke-ti by the Indians). It is two thousand five hundred feet high, and on the side fronting the lake nearly perpendicular. It presents a remarkable columnar appearance from a distance, being composed of sandstone strata, upheaved to a vertical position. At its base are vast masses of obsidian, or black volcanic glass, and a large area over which the road passes, is covered with fragments of this material, which rings under the horses' feet as we pass. At another point are enormous heaps of pumice-stone, in blocks many cubic yards in size, piled up in wild confusion. On the lower lake is a bluff of this stone. Huge masses tumbling down into the water, float off like corks. Soda Bay is at the base of Uncle Sam. Innumerable soda springs here bubble up from the lake and from the shore. The water is said to be highly impregnated with soda, and stronger than any in market.

Lakeport,

The county seat of Lake County, is a town of four hundred inhabitants, situated near the shore of the lake in Big Valley. Board at the Lakeport Hotel, S. V. Chapman, proprietor, \$2 per day, \$7 per week. One newspaper, the *Avalanche*, is published here. This is a pleasant resort for visitors in search of health or pleasure. Boating, fishing, and shooting can be enjoyed here to any extent. The hunting season for bucks commences about the twentieth of June, but the does should not be killed until the first of July, the fawns not being able to take care of themselves before that time. Squirrels, hares, quail, ducks, geese, grouse, deer, grizzly, black and cinnamon bears, panthers, wild cats, foxes and raccoons are to be found in the mountains and foothills, and fish of many varieties abound in the lake. Boats per day, 50 cts. to \$1; with an oarsman, - \$2 to \$5 per day. Bartlett Springs are twenty-five miles northeast, across the lake. There are stage lines from Lakeport to Cloverdale, Ukiah, and Upper Lake.

Mendocino County

Is bounded on the west by the Pacific ocean, south by Sonoma, north by Humboldt and Trinity, and east by Colusa and Lake counties. The area is about forty by eighty miles, and its coast line over

one hundred miles. Of its 2,000,000 acres, about 900,000 are fit for cultivation. Two parallel ranges of the coast mountains extend north and south through the county. The intervening chains of valleys are very fertile, capable of producing all the cereals and fruits. With the exception of a strip from one to three miles wide, bordering directly upon the coast, which is excellent agricultural land, peculiarly adapted for the production of root crops, the entire region between the mountains and the Pacific, from fifteen to thirty miles wide, is a dense forest of redwood, and the principal industry of the inhabitants is the production of lumber.

The valleys consist of rich agricultural land, but the country being comparatively unsettled, and access to markets difficult, from the want of good roads, they are chiefly used as a stock range. The climate being moist and equable, the grass is green throughout the year. The whole county is well watered and timbered. Eel River and Russian River are the two principal streams. This county abounds in game of all kinds, and the streams among the mountains abound in fish. For valuable information in regard to this county, we are indebted to Dr. W. G. Alban, of Ukiah.

There are two routes to Mendocino. One from Healdsburg in Sonoma County; the other from Lakeport, the county seat of Lake County.

From Lakeport to Ukiah.

A line of stages runs between Lakeport and Ukiah, making tri-weekly trips from each place, starting in the morning. Distance, thirty miles. Fare, \$4.00.

Scott Valley

Is two and a half miles from Lakeport, on the road to Ukiah. It is five by ten miles in extent, and very fertile. White oaks grow here of remarkable dimensions. Trees are not unfrequently found six or seven feet in diameter, perfectly straight, and free from branches to the height of sixty feet. These oaks may be split with the same facility as redwood, and were extensively used before the introduction of saw mills, for the roofing and siding of buildings. Two or three "cuts" from one of these trees have sufficed to build a fair sized settler's house, with fences and outbuildings.

The Blue Lakes

Are situated twelve miles from Lakeport, on the stage road to Ukiah. There are two separate lakes, about one fourth of a mile apart, situated in a cañon between two steep and lofty mountains. The two lakes are, together, about six miles long, and about a quarter of a mile wide. The water is pure, blue and cold. No bottom has ever been found.

Proceeding across the mountains dividing Scott and Big Valley from the Russian River Valley, and following the latter northwestwardly, we arrive at

Ukiah City,

The county seat of Mendocino County. It is situated in the centre of the beautiful valley of the Yokayo, (or Ukiah) on the head waters of the Russian River, and on the inland mail route from San Francisco to Humboldt and the north. It is about one hundred and twenty miles from San Francisco, and thirty-one miles above Cloverdale. Yokayo Valley contains about thirty thousand acres, most of which is of unsurpassed fertility. The town was first settled in 1856, and has prospered with the growth of the surrounding country, of which it is the trading centre. The county buildings, public halls, schools and churches, are creditable to the place, and it contains many neat private residences. There is one newspaper published here, the *Mendocino Democrat*. Population, eight hundred. Three miles east from Ukiah, is a mineral spring, strongly impregnated with iron and sulphur. Twelve miles northwesterly is a warm sulphur spring, and in Bell Valley, fifteen miles southwesterly, a fine soda spring, said to be better than that of Napa. The hills, in all directions, abound in mineral springs of various medicinal properties. Game of all kinds is abundant in the neighborhood. Travelers desiring to make excursions in other parts of the county, will find excellent teams at the livery stable of J. P. Smith. Stages leave Ukiah and connect with the cars, to reach San Francisco the same day.

Sanel

Is fourteen miles south from Ukiah and seventeen north of Cloverdale, in Feliz or Sanel Valley, through which the Russian River flows. It is somewhat smaller than Yokaya Valley, but equally fertile. Good bottom lands are now sold here at from \$12 to \$20 per acre. Game is plenty in the vicinity. There are soda springs not far from the place. Living is cheap here. At the Sanel House board is \$1 per day or \$5 per week. The stage stops here for dinner.

The Tour, via Santa Rosa.

Between Napa Valley and the ocean lies a succession of valleys through which the North Pacific Railway is nearly completed to Cloverdale, its terminus, twelve miles from the Geysers. First in order from San Francisco is Petaluma Valley, through which the road runs about ten miles, thence through Santa Rosa Valley about the same distance into Russian River Valley. Towards the east are Sonoma and Guillico's Valleys, noted for extensive vineyards. Across the Golden Gate, opposite San Francisco, is Marin County, a mountainous grazing region, with intervening valleys and *mesa* lands, well adapted to dairy and agricultural purposes. The entire region is well watered and timbered, excepting the valleys, which like most others in middle California, are sparsely dotted with oaks.

There is much similarity in the general aspect of Petaluma, Santa Rosa and Russian valleys. To the eyes they appear to be perfectly level, and when cultivation has not modified their surfaces, all have the appearance of vast parks of oak, walled in by mountains and crossed at intervals by streams. They are separated only by low hills. Petaluma Valley has considerable flat *tule* land along the creek which traverses it. Santa Rosa Valley is almost entirely agricultural land, and Russian River Valley, the largest of the three, is distinguished by the wide strip of bottom lands along the river, noted for their prolific yield of corn.

In the region of which we have spoken are many pleasant places of public resort, and several towns of importance. Four miles from the city in Marin county, Sausalito is a favorite place for excursions. It is accessible by steam ferry daily from Meiggs' wharf. Above it, fourteen miles from the city, is the pleasant town of San Rafael, sheltered from all winds, having excellent hotel accommodations and a charming climate. It is accessible by the steam ferry boat, Contra Costa, making three trips daily (Sundays excepted) to San Quentin Point, and thence by railroad three and a half miles to the town. Further north, on a navigable creek emptying into San Pablo Bay, is the thriving city of Petaluma, and beyond it to the north are the prosperous towns of Santa Rosa, Sonoma, Healdsburg and

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Cloverdale, all connected with each other by stage or by rail, and each the centre of numerous stage lines penetrating the country in all directions, and bringing the towns on the coast into close connection with those on the bay and with San Francisco.

The steamer Petaluma leave San Francisco from Pacific street wharf, daily at two P. M., for Petaluma via Lakeville, connecting at Lakeville with stages for Sonoma. Stages for Sonoma, also connect at Donahue with the cars of the North Pacific Railway and steamer New World. The "Sacramento" also runs as a freight and passenger boat to Petaluma, leaving Broadway wharf at 4:30 P. M., and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 A. M. The Amelia leaves same wharf for Mare Island, Vallejo, Benicia, Martinez and Suisun.

San Quentin Point,

The landing place of the steam ferry boat from San Francisco to San Rafael, is connected with that town by a railway of three and one half miles. At at San Quentin the principal object of interest is the State Prison. The buildings are located half a mile from the landing on a slight elevation, and constitute a conspicuous as well as melancholy object of contemplation to the traveler in passing up and down the bay. The scenery is remarkably fine in the neighborhood. The buildings are of brick, and situated upon lands belonging to the State. Eight acres are enclosed by a high wall for prison

purposes; the remainder is devoted to brick making by convict labor. Large quantities of brick have been shipped to San Francisco and other parts of the State. There are about eight hundred convicts confined within the walls, laboring at various trades; that of saddle and harness making being the principal ones. Numerous shops with steam power for various kinds of manufacture, are provided by the State, and the labor of the prisoners is let to contractors. There is a hotel and postoffice at this point, and a few other buildings. Taking the cars at the landing, the traveler arrives in a few minutes at the beautiful town of

San Rafael,

The county seat of Marin, three and a half miles from San Quentin and fourteen from San Francisco. It is situated upon a creek about two miles west of San Pablo Bay, and is completely sheltered from the rough westerly winds by the high mountain range between it and the ocean. The climate is remarkably mild and salubrious. On the north it is also protected by the range of hills which culminate in the grand peak of Tamalpais, two thousand six hundred feet high. Its charming climate and situation, so near the city, have attracted thither many of the business men and wealthy citizens of San Francisco. There are many elegant private residences and gardens, and excellent hotels. The buildings of the old mission, established in 1817,

are still used as a Court House. One weekly newspaper, the *Marin County Journal*, is published here. Principal house, the Tamalpais Hotel, R. Pardow, proprietor. The accommodations offered by the "Tamalpais" are such as are offered by a city hotel of the first class. It is fitted throughout with gas and elegantly furnished. Charges the same as in city hotels of its class, \$3 per day and \$20 per week. An omnibus conveys passengers to and from the depôt free of charge. Horses for the ascent of Mount Tamalpais are furnished at the hotel, at a cost of \$3 for gentlemen and \$4 for ladies. The ascent is made in three hours. The tourist can cast a fly in the trout streams which flow down the mountains, or take a shot at the quail, which are abundant in season, and may perchance meet with deer, of which there are many in the mountain. Stages leave San Rafael for Olema and Petaluma, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 1 P. M. and for Nicasio, on Monday and Saturday at 2½ P. M. Return trains, connecting with the Contra Costa line, leave San Rafael at 7.45 and 11.15 A. M., and 2.30 P. M.

Ascent of Mount Tamalpais.

Saddle horses may be obtained for the ascent of Mount Tamalpais, the summit of which is twelve miles distant, reaching an elevation of two thousand six hundred feet. The ascent is made in about three hours. The stage road is followed for two

and a half miles to Ross's Landing, where information may be obtained with regard to the trail. The ascent, though steep and tedious, is not dangerous, and the prospect from the top is magnificent. Eleven miles from San Rafael, on the road to Olema, is the Pioneer paper mill, built in 1856. The buildings are large and substantial. Both steam and the water of Daniel's Creek, upon which the mill is situated, are used for motive power. About forty men are employed, day and night, in the manufacture of printing and wrapping paper. Three miles east of the paper mill, is the Pacific Powder Mill, erected in 1866, at a cost of \$63,000. The works are scattered over several hundred acres, for greater security against explosions. Both steam and water power are employed. Both sporting and blasting powder are manufactured ; principally the latter.

Fifteen miles northwest of San Rafael, is the small but thriving town of

Olema,

Situated in a fertile and rich district, producing heavy crops of grain and potatoes, and possessing many fine dairies. The moisture from the ocean keeps the grass green here at all seasons.

Thirty-five miles northwest of San Rafael, upon a level beach, near the entrance of the bay of the same name, is the active and growing town of

Tomales.

This is a place of about one thousand inhabitants and the shipping point for a large portion of the produce of the adjoining country.

For the Geysers, via Santa Rosa, from San Francisco.

Take the steamer New World at Jackson street wharf, at 8:30 A. M., arriving at Donahue at 11:20 A. M., where the Northern Pacific Railway train awaits passengers. Train arrives at Petaluma at 11:50, and at Santa Rosa at 12:30.

Passing up the bay of San Francisco and into San Pablo bay, the boat enters the estuary of Petaluma creek, about three quarters of a mile wide, and arrives, after a pleasant sail of two and one half hours, at

Donahue,

The southern terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

In 1868, the San Francisco and Humboldt Bay Railroad company was organized to build a railroad from Saucelito to Humboldt Bay, via Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg and Cloverdale. Little was done under this organization except the grading of a few miles of road between Petaluma and Santa Rosa. In 1869 a new company was organized called the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad Company, to which the San Francisco and Humboldt

Bay Railroad Company deeded all its rights of way, franchises, etc.

The newly-organized company actually accomplished nothing under its then management, until August, 1870, when Peter Donahue bought the stock of the company. Mr. Donahue commenced a vigorous prosecution of the work, about the first of September, 1870, and on the thirty-first day of December, 1870, he had the cars running from Donahue (a new town about six miles south of Petaluma) to Santa Rosa, a distance of twenty-two and a half miles. In addition to the track laid between those points, a large and substantial wharf has been erected at Donahue, also large car houses, engine houses and commodious workshops. At the present time the road is completed to Mark West, eight miles north of Santa Rosa, and the remainder of the road bed graded to Healdsburg. The distance from San Francisco to Donahue is forty miles, which is run by Mr. Donahue's steamer Sacramento, connecting at the latter point with the cars.

Mr. Donahue is the only man in California who has built so many miles of railroad in such a short time, and paid for it all as he progressed out of his own private means and exclusively with white labor.

About the middle of last March the California Pacific Railroad Company commenced grading a road from Santa Rosa to Cloverdale by the way of Healdsburg, thus creating two parallel roads in a

valley where one was considered ample for the wants of the people. Mutual friends interfered on both sides and the result was a sale of Mr. Donahue's road to the California Pacific Railroad Company for the sum of \$750,000. Thus ceased Mr. Donahue's connection with the road. Mr. Donahue is a man of indomitable energy, who has been the architect of his own fortune, and to his enterprise is due, in a large degree, the many public improvements in San Francisco; for instance the Gas Works, whose founder he was; the street railroads, in which he owns large interests; the steamers, in which he had large interests; and first and above all, the foundry business, which he and his brother established in this city in the days of "'49 and '50."

In the organization of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad Company, Mr. Donahue surrounded himself with his most intimate personal friends. He was President himself, Mr. Edward Martin was Treasurer, and Mr. James O'Neill was Secretary.

Stages connect at Donahue with Sonoma, fare, \$1.50. A mile above is a landing called Lakeville, also connected by stage line with Sonoma. Entering the cars at Donahue, and traveling over almost a dead level, the traveler, in thirty minutes, reaches the city of

Petaluma.

A well-built town of 5,000 inhabitants. It was settled in 1853 and incorporated in 1858. It is situated at the head of navigation upon Petaluma creek, the upper portion of which is only navigable at some seasons of the year, at high water, by steamers and sail vessels of one hundred tons burden. The Petaluma theatre, sixty by one hundred feet, is elegantly finished and fitted up with scenery, at an expense of \$37,000. The American Hotel, Mr. Wm. Ordway, owner and proprietor, is a three-story fire and earthquake-proof building, with sixty-five rooms, fifteen suits of rooms, lighted with gas, marble water basins, and furnished throughout in a high style of elegance. Petaluma has five public and five private schools, all of a high order. The public schools are under the special control of J. W. Anderson as Principal, aided by nine assistant teachers. The private schools have forty pupils each, on an average, and are creditably conducted. One of these, St. Vincent's Seminary, is a Catholic institution, under the patronage of the Sisters of Charity. It has also seven commodious churches, four Masonic and two Odd Fellows' lodges; an efficient fire department, with three engines, and one hook-and-ladder company; gas, and water works. Two weekly and one daily newspapers are published here. Petaluma is the natural outlet and

place of trade for an extensive agricultural region, comprising nearly the whole of Sonoma, and portions of Lake, Marin, and Mendocino counties. It has a large and thriving trade, shipping a heavy amount of produce to San Francisco, and supplying merchandise to a fertile and extensive district. Stages leave for Bloomfield daily, at 12:30 P. M.; for Bodega and Duncan's Mills, tri-weekly. Distance to Bloomfield, fifteen miles, fare, \$1.50; Bodega, twenty-five miles, fare, \$2.50; Duncan's Mills, forty miles, fare, \$4.00. Leave Duncan's Mills Wednesday and Sunday mornings for Point Arenas, L. W. Miller, proprietor. Stages for Two Rock and Tomales start every day, (Sundays excepted) at 12:30 P. M. Fare to Two Rock, \$1.00; to Tomales, sixteen miles, \$1.50; Wm. Fairbanks, proprietor. Stages for San Rafael, twenty-two miles distant, depart Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 A. M.; fare, \$2.00; Charles Tann, proprietor. Stages leave for Nicasio Wednesdays and Fridays, at 2 P. M.; distance sixteen miles; fare, \$1.50. For Whitman's Store, Tuesdays Thursdays, and Saturdays; distance, eighteen miles; fare, \$1.50; F. M. Lewis, proprietor. Principal hotel, the American, by Mr. Wm. Ordway; charges, \$2.00 per day. Free carriage to and from the cars.

Santa Rosa Valley

Extends from Mark West creek to Petaluma valley,

and is about twelve miles wide. In its centre, upon a creek of the same name, is the pleasant and thriving town of SANTA ROSA, the county-seat of Sonoma county, about twenty miles northerly from Sonoma, sixteen miles from Healdsburg, and the same distance from Petaluma. It was laid off in 1853, and is now the second town in the county. It was incorporated in 1868, and now numbers 2,000 inhabitants. Three hundred children attend its public schools, and two private schools receive a good support. There are seven churches, the usual county buildings, a fire-proof hall of records, and one weekly newspaper. The Methodist college has recently been transferred from Vacaville to Santa Rosa. From the cupola of the Kessing hotel is one of the fairest views that the eye ever rested upon. St. Helena looms up grandly to the northeast, Geyser Peak to the northwest, and the valley stretches away in the distance to Petaluma. The railroad line runs north with very slight grading, for twelve miles in an air line, without a curve, and will follow Russian river eighteen miles to Cloverdale. Six miles east is Guillico's valley, leading into Sonoma valley. Four miles east are the Moyacamas mountains, which separate Napa and Sonoma counties, and through which a practicable road has been completed to Calistoga. Stage lines run in all directions from Santa Rosa, connecting with the coast, and with all parts of the county; and with

those adjacent. Lines run regularly to the following points: To Mark West, six miles north; to Windsor, ten miles; to Healdsburg, sixteen miles; to Sonoma, sixteen miles; Napa, twenty-eight miles; to Sebastopol, seven miles; Feuston, fourteen miles; Bodega Corners, seventeen miles; Bodega Bay, twenty miles; Duncan's Mill, at the mouth of Russian river, twenty-five miles; Fort Ross, thirty-seven miles; Timber Cove, forty miles; Salt Point, thirty-two miles; Fisk's Mill, fifty miles; Fisherman's Bay, forty-four miles; and to the mouth of the Walhalla, fifty-six miles. The Walhalla runs north and empties into the Pacific at the boundary between Sonoma and Mendocino counties. From the mouth of Russian river the ocean is in sight most of the time. The road is rough, but the scenery magnificent.

From Sebastopol to Bloomfield is seven miles; thence to Valley Ford, four miles; and thence, passing through Big valley to Tomales bay, six miles. The road from Bloomfield passes through a beautiful and fertile country, free from timber. Tomales bay is in Marin county, and supplies Santa Rosa with fish, &c.

The principal public house at Santa Rosa, is the Kessing hotel, F. H. Coe, proprietor. Board, \$2.00 per day. Stages to and from station, twenty-five cents.

Ten miles from Santa Rosa is the small town of

Windsor,

a trading centre for a large farming community in the neighborhood.

Healdsburg

Is very beautifully situated in the midst of the extensive valley of Russian river. It is built upon a portion of the "Fitch, or Sotoyoma ranch," about a mile west of the river, and two miles above the mouth of Dry creek. It was first settled by Harmon Heald, and from him derives its name. He established a trading post here in 1851, and laid off the town. The situation is unsurpassed for beauty, the whole town being so completely embowered in a grove of majestic oaks and madronas, that its position, when approaching it from either direction, cannot be distinguished until the traveler is fairly within the limits of the town. It is eighty miles from San Francisco, and the principal resources of the place are derived from farming. The cornlands in the Russian river bottoms are of unrivaled fertility, and the area suitable for other cereals, as well as for orchards, vineyards and pasturage, is very extensive. Gold was discovered in the spring of 1854, on Dry creek, two miles south of the town, but not sufficient to pay for working at the high price of labor that then prevailed. Healdsburg has one public school, a grammar school and an academy, eight churches, a Masonic, Odd Fellows', and

Good Templars' lodge, and one newspaper. There are three saw-mills within eight miles of town; also a flour-mill in the town and another three miles distant. The present population is about two thousand. Healdsburg is twenty miles from the ocean, the same distance from the Geysers, and fourteen from Skaggs' Springs. The scenery on the route to the two latter places, is wild and picturesque in the highest degree. Three miles south of Healdsburg are the famous Geyser soda springs; also a spring of Seltzer water not surpassed by any in the State. The waters have excellent medical qualities, and are slightly aperient. The drive to the spring is delightful. The Geysers, twenty miles distant, north from Healdsburg; and Foss station, eight miles northeast. Game is abundant in the season in the vicinity of the town. Principal hotel, Sotoyama House; B. C. Wright, proprietor. Board, \$2.00 per day, and from \$10.00 to \$12.00 per week. Stages leave daily for Santa Rosa, Cloverdale, Geyser Springs and Skaggs' Springs. Leave for Skaggs' Springs at 7 A. M., arrive at 9, and returning leave at 3 P. M., arriving at Healdsburg at 5 P. M.

Skaggs' Hot Springs

Are celebrated for remarkable medical properties, and are strongly impregnated with sulphur, iron, magnesia, borax, and soda. The temperature of

the water is from 120° to 140° . A fine hotel and separate cottages furnish ample accommodations for tourists or permanent guests. B. Frank Tucker, proprietor.

[For particulars of the route from Healdsburg to the Geysers, see page 53.]

Cloverdale

Is a pleasant place on its own account, and besides, is surrounded by many attractions. It is a small but thriving inland village, situated near the head of the valley of Russian river, in the south part of Sonoma county, about four miles from the line of Mendocino, and forty-eight miles north from Petaluma. The scenery surrounding it can hardly be surpassed. On the east, north and west, the mountains form almost an amphitheatre, while to the south is a magnificent view of the valley. This place has at present, connection with Healdsburg by stage ; also with the Clear Lake region. There will, however, shortly be railroad communication via the road passing through Healdsburg, Santa Rosa, and Petaluma. Eight miles north, on the Ukiah road, at the toll-gate, is a fine soda spring, said to be better and stronger than the Napa. Another fine soda spring is found near the farm of Mr John Thompson, three miles south, and still another three miles east, near the line of the projected road to the Geysers. Twelve miles to the southwest is

Skaggs' Springs. There is a good stage-road to Lakeport. Sixteen miles from Cloverdale, on the summit of the mountains, is a most magnificent view of Clear Lake. Sulphur creek, on which the Geysers are situated, empties into Russian river at this place. The Geysers are twelve miles south-east, only accessible by a trail. This place is built upon a Spanish grant, called after an Indian chief who still resides there: Rincon de Mussalacon. Gold and copper have been found in small quantities in the vicinity, and mining for gold is still continued. Cloverdale is in a very fertile region, peculiarly adapted to grape culture. There is excellent trout fishing, and abundant small game and deer in the vicinity. There are two good hotels. The Cloverdale hotel, Thomas S. Colvin, proprietor, is the principal house. Charges, \$2.00 per day, \$8.00 per week. Stages leave Cloverdale for Mendocino city on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 6 A. M., and starting at the same hour return on the alternate days. Distance, seventy-five miles; fare, \$8.00. Proprietors, Jesse D. Carr & Co. The road starts out over a fine grade, and through beautiful scenery. The Boonville post-office, in Anderson valley, is thirty-two miles. The valley is twenty miles long, heavily timbered on the south side with redwood, and on the north with oak. Following the Novarra river about twenty miles, the road leaves it, ascending the ridge of the

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Novarra mountains, and thence through a dense forest of redwood, fir, and spruce, to Novarra, which lies upon the ocean, ten miles south of Mendocino. The Novarra Hotel is a good house, kept by Jerome W. Moore, one of the owners of the stage line. *From Novarra the road proceeds along the ocean a mile and a half to Salmon creek, a great point for the shipment of railroad ties. One mile further on, the Albion mills, owned by McPherson & Wetherbee, the first saw-mills in the State, employing two hundred men. Five miles further on is Little river, a town of about three hundred inhabitants, with a good harbor, and a shipping point for lumber; and two and a half miles further, the traveler finds himself at

Mendocino.

This is one of the largest towns in the county, containing seven hundred inhabitants. One newspaper is published here, weekly, the *Independent Dispatch*. An immense lumber trade is carried on here with San Francisco, one hundred and thirty-two miles southward. From this point, the traveler can return, via Cloverdale, Lakeport, Calistoga and Vallejo; or via Healdsburg, Santa Rosa, Petaluma and Donahue, to San Francisco.

Route via Sonoma Valley.

Besides the railroad route to Santa Rosa, stage lines connect with the steamer at Lakeville, and with the cars at Donahue, and at Napa City, twice a day, for Sonoma, from which place passengers are conveyed by a daily line to Santa Rosa. Taking the cars at Vallejo, for Napa City, the traveler reaches Sonoma, twelve miles distant, in two hours. Fare, \$1.00. If stopping at Napa over night, he will find the Napa Hotel, John S. Hogan, proprietor, an excellent house, with ample accommodations. Leaving Napa Valley, he crosses Carneros and Haichica valleys, into the large valley of Sonoma. In the most beautiful part of the valley, and upon a creek of the same name, about three miles from the *Embarcadero* at its mouth, and surrounded with orchards and vineyards, he will reach the city of

Sonoma,

The oldest town on the north side of the Bay of San Francisco. It was laid out in 1835, by General Vallejo, as a Pueblo, by order of the Mexican Government. A missionary station (the last in the State) was established at this place in 1820, but shortly afterwards shared the general fate of all the Missions after the revolution of 1822, which liberated Mexico from Spanish domination. It lingered a short time after secularization was decreed, but

finally succumbed. The town was, at the time of the American conquest, one of the most important in the State, and while San Francisco was only a heap of sandhills, figured as the Headquarters of the Northern Military Department of California. As a town, it has made little or no progress. Indeed, it may be regarded, in a business point of view, as stationary. It is just the same old Mexican town, in appearance, that it was in 1846. A few good buildings have been erected by Americans, but as many adobe structures have gone to decay. The greatest portion of the old Mission building, a very extensive structure of adobe, covered with red tiles, has disappeared, only one angle, which was used as a church, has been preserved by extensive repairs.

The town consists, mainly, of one and two story adobe buildings, built around a plaza, in the old Spanish style. It has, however, a deep historic interest attached to it, from events which transpired here under Spanish and Mexican rule. It was here, too, that the ominous "Bear Flag" was first raised, and the first steps taken to inaugurate a new government for California. It was also for a long time the station of a portion of Stevenson's California Regiment, and will always be visited by those who love to contemplate the old landmarks, which recall the Past and its vivid contrast with the Present.

The site of the town is one of the most beautiful

in the State, being upon a level and fertile plain, at the foot of the picturesque Moyacamas mountains. In approaching the old "city" of Sonoma from any direction, the traveler is struck with the magnificence of the surrounding scenery, and the fertility of the country. The soil seems specially adapted to fruit and grape culture. The number of vines now in cultivation, is about four millions, and Sonoma stands first among the wine-producing counties of the State. Many of the brands produced are of high excellence, and growing constantly in popular appreciation.

Half a mile east from the Plaza, at the foot of a hill, is a copious and beautiful spring, near which a powerful Indian chief once made his residence. This spring, called by the Indians *Cho-koo-yem*, or "Spring in the hill-side," now supplies a fish-pond and fountain in the extensive and magnificent grounds of General Vallejo's residence. These grounds are well worth a visit. There are found every variety of grapes and fruit in great profusion; the orange and the olive growing side by side with the pear and the apple. Here, General Vallejo, now in his sixty-fourth year, reposes from the arduous and useful labors of his past life, and enjoys the profound respect of a new generation. General Vallejo prides himself upon being a native of California. Descended from the *sangre azul* of an old Castilian family, he was born in Monterey in

1808, and, at an early age, distinguished himself by his intelligence and benevolent disposition. Even before the American occupation, he possessed a valuable library, and a very brief conversation will show that he has made a diligent use of it. To the charm of great natural urbanity of manner he adds that of an extended acquaintance with the world and with general literature. Even while a Mexican official, he was ever favorable to the government of the United States, and it was greatly owing to his influence that California became a State of the Union, instead of falling into the hands of England or France. Since the conquest, he has served in many honorable positions under our State Government, and in all acquitted himself with distinguished ability. As a soldier, a statesman, and a polished gentleman, he commands, and universally receives, the respect of all.

From Sonoma the traveler proceeds through Sonoma and Guillicos valleys, sixteen miles, to Santa Rosa, the county seat. [For description of Santa Rosa, see page 93.]

Tourist's Complete Guide

TO

San Francisco, Suburbs and Vicinity;

WITH SPECIAL TRIPS AND SHORT EXCURSIONS IN AND
ABOUT THE CITY.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

Historical.

THE site of what is now the city of San Francisco was first permanently occupied by white men, September 17, 1776. The same year witnessed the entrenchment of a garrison and the establishment of a Mission.

San Francisco owes its origin to Catholic missionaries and Spanish soldiers. Father Junipero Serra led the missionaries—and virtually commanded the soldiers. The name San Francisco was given in honor of Saint Francisco of Asisis, a city of Italy, the founder of the order of Franciscans to which Father Junipero belonged. The presidio, garrison or fort, was founded first, Sept. 17, and the mission about three weeks later, Oct. 9th. The site first chosen was near a small lagoon back of, that is, west of, what is now called Russian Hill, but the prevailing winds proved so high and bitter as to compel its early removal to the more sheltered spot, over a mile south, under the lee of high hills, and near the present Mission Creek. Here,

at the head of what is now Center or Sixteenth Street, the old church still stands.

For nearly sixty years the mission stood, the nucleus of a little village of rude adobe houses, tenanted by a fluctuating population of Indians, Mexicans and Spanish—and the center of a military and religious authority, which upon more than one occasion made itself felt and feared for leagues around. The population rarely rose above four hundred and frequently fell to less than a hundred and fifty.

In 1835, Capt. W. A. Richardson put up the first pioneer dwelling, with rude wooden walls and sail-cloth roof. On the fourth of July of the next year, 1836, Jacob P. Leese finished the first frame house. This house stood where the St. Francis Hotel now stands, — on the southwest corner of Clay and Dupont streets, a single block west of the present City Hall. Leese had his store on the beach, which was where Montgomery and Commercial streets now intersect. Nearly seven solid blocks of made-land now stretch between where that old beach lay and the present water front. Other houses soon rose near that of Leese, and presently the villagers saw their little settlement fast approaching the dignity of a new town, and cast about to find a name. Nature caused it to spring out of the ground for them in the form of a species of aromatic mint, which, surrounding their

dwellings, perfuming the morning air and supplying frequent and varied medicinal needs, had proved indeed, as the Spaniards called it, "*Yerba Buena*," the Good Herb. So the herb named the town, and the name "*stuck*," as the Californians say, for nearly a dozen years. During these years the houses grew in number, until 1847, when the town contained seventy-nine buildings,—thirty-one frame, twenty-six adobe, and the rest shanties—and these houses sheltered three hundred souls, or, at least, that number of bodies. On the 30th of January of that year, these three hundred dropped the old name *Yerba Buena*, and adopted the older one, which had belonged to the neighboring mission for nearly fourscore years. Thus the town also became San Francisco, and has ever since so remained. The first steamboat appeared in the bay, November 15th of the same year. In March, 1848, the houses had grown to two hundred, and the population to eight hundred and fifty. On the third of the next month, the first public school began.

New Year's Day, '49, the new city claimed a population of two thousand. Three days later the two previously published weekly papers merged into the *Alta California*, the earliest established of all newspapers now existing in the State.

The early miners were making from twenty to thirty dollars a day, getting "bags" of dust and "piles" of nuggets, and rushing down to "Frisco"

to gamble it away. These were the "flush times" of the new city. Fresh eggs cost from seventy-five cents to one dollar apiece. For a beefsteak and a cup of coffee for breakfast one had to pay a dollar and a half, and a dinner cost him from two to ten or even twenty dollars, according to appetite and drinketite. Rough labor brought the old Congressional pay of eight dollars a day; draymen earned twenty dollars a day; and family "help" could hardly be had for forty, or even fifty, dollars a week. The great mass of the men lived in tents. Very few women had come, but those few were overwhelmed with attention; if one wished to cross the street in the rainy season, a score of brawny arms would fight for the privilege of gallantly wading through the sea of mud to carry her across the unpaved street.

Great fires came, four of them; the first the day before Chistmas, '49—it burned over a million dollars worth; the second, May 4th, '50—it destroyed three millions dollars worth. A little over a month later, June 14th, 1850, the most destructive fire the city ever saw left it poorer by four millions of dollars; and on the 17th of the next September the fourth fire consumed another half million. Nearly nine million dollars worth burned in less than nine months!

Business thrived immensely. In 1852, more than seven vessels a day arrived at or departed from San Francisco. Commerce overdid itself. Long piers

ran out over the flats where now solid blocks of lofty buildings have stood for half a score of years. Sometimes storms kept back the clippers; then prices went still higher. Between March and November, flour went up from eight to forty dollars a barrel, while the "Alta" came down from its usual broad and sightly page to the size of a pane of window-glass, fourteen by ten. Villainy flourished; drinking, gambling, robbery and murder held high carnival; the law did little, and did that little shabbily and tardily; so the people woke and resumed their original legislative, judicial, and especially their executive, functions.

In '51 and '52, and again in '56, they came nobly to the front, hung the worst villains who defied the common law, frightened away the others, restored order, established security for honest men, and resolved themselves again into law-abiding citizens. And thus, through perils of fire, social convulsions, and financial fluctuation, the cosmopolitan city has swept swiftly on until to-day, though having barely attained her majority, she stands in the first half-score of American cities. Every year she leaves a city or two behind in her steady progress toward the throne of the continent which she will surely occupy before the present century has fully fled.

Situation and Extent.

In extent, population, commerce, wealth and growth, the San Francisco of to-day is not only the

chief city of California, but the great commercial metropolis of the whole Pacific slope. It is both a city and a county; the county occupies the extreme end of a hilly peninsula stretching north to the Golden Gate, between the Pacific Ocean on the west, and San Francisco bay on the east.

The whole peninsula has a length of from thirty-five to forty miles, with an average width of from twelve to fifteen miles. The average width of the county from bay to ocean is four and one half miles, and its extreme length, from the Golden Gate on the north, to the San Mateo County line on the south, is six miles and a half. Its boundary line being the natural one of a coast or shore on the west, north and east, is more or less irregular; on the south it is straight. Its entire area is 26,681 acres, including the Presidio reservation of 1,500 acres, which belongs to the general government.

The county also includes the Farallon Islands, lying nearly thirty miles west in the Pacific Ocean, with the islands of Alcatraz and Yerba Buena, or Goat Island, in San Francisco bay.

The city proper occupies the northeast corner of the county. Its limits extend about two miles and a half from east to west, by three and a half from north to south, thus including between one fifth and one sixth the area of the county.

The natural surface was very uneven and the soil equally varied—sand beach, salt marsh, mud flats,

low plains, narrow ravines, small and shallow valleys, elevated benches or plateaux, sandy knolls and dunes, and stretches of the close, adobe soil, made up its original surface; while rocky bluffs fortified its shore line, and extensive ledges underlaid its hills or cropped out from their sides, or crowned their tops. These hills varied in height from two hundred and sixty to four hundred and ten feet, while west and south of the city limits they rose still higher. One or two small lagoons lay sluggishly about, and as many small streams found their way thence to the bay.

The original founders of the city, as is usual in similar cases, seemed never to suspect that they were moulding the beginnings of a grand metropolis. Hence they laid out what little they did project with the least possible regard to present symmetry, or the probable demands of future growth. The natural inequalities of surface, the grade and width of streets which must become necessary to a large city, reservations for public buildings, promenades, gardens, parks, etc., with the sanitary necessity of thorough drainage, were matters of which they seem to have been serenely unconscious, or, worse still, sublimely indifferent. And many of their immediate successors in authority were legitimate descendants, or humbly imitative followers.

We have not an important street in the city which conforms its course to the cardinal points of the

compass, and but one main avenue, Market street, which begins to be wide enough. As Cronise truthfully says: "The whole town stands *askew*."

We now proceed to "orient" the tourist, as Horace Mann used to say, in regard to such streets, avenues, thoroughfares, cuts, parks, etc., as mainly constitute the highly artificial, though not particularly ornamental, topography of our little occidental village.

General Plan.

Market street is the widest and the longest, starting at the water front, half a mile east of the old City Hall, and slightly ascending through eight or nine blocks, it runs thence southwesterly on a nearly level grade beyond the city limits. Its western end is yet unfinished. A mile and a half from the water it cuts through a moderately high and immoderately rocky hill, beyond which it stretches away toward the unfenced freedom of the higher hills, and the dead level of the western beach beyond, at which it will probably condescend ultimately to stop. Its surface presents every variety of natural conformation ingeniously varied with artificial distortion. Plank, rubble, McAdam, cobble, Nicolson, gravel, Stow foundation, gravel, adobe, sand, and finally undisguised dirt, offer their pleasing variety to the exploring eye. From two to four horse-railroad tracks diversify its surface

with their restful regularity, while the steam cars from San José follow their locomotive a short distance up its western end.

Stately blocks, grand hotels, massive stores, lofty factories, tumble-down shanties, unoccupied lots and vacant sand-hills form its picturesque boundary on either hand. When the high summer winds sweep easterly down its broad avenue, laden with clouds of flying sand from vacant lots along its either margin, it becomes a decidedly open question whether the lots aforesaid really belong in the department of real estate, or should, properly enter the catalogue of "movable property."

We have dwelt thus at length upon this street, not only on account of its central position and superior dimensions, but because it is a representative street. Other are like it as far as they can be. They would resemble it still more closely, did length, width and direction permit. It is fast becoming the great business street of the city, and, spite of the roughness and crudeness necessarily attaching to all the streets of a new and fast-growing city, it unmistakably possesses all the requisites of the future "Grand Avenue" of the Pacific metropolis.

On the northeast of Market street, through the older portion of the city, the streets run at right angles with each other, though neither at right angles or parallel with Market. One set runs, in straight

lines, nearly north and south. The other set, also straight, crosses the former at right angles, that is, running nearly east and west. The principal of these streets, as one goes from the bay westerly, back toward the hills, and, in fact, some distance up their slopes, are Front, Battery, Sansome, Montgomery, Kearny, Dupont, Stockton, Powell, Mason, Taylor, and a dozen others, of which those nearer the bay are gradually growing into importance as business streets, especially along the more level portions of their southern blocks, near where they run into Market street. Beyond these, that is, west of them, the streets are chiefly occupied by dwelling houses, among which are many expensive residences of the most modern construction and elegant design.

Between Front street and the bay run two shorter streets, Davis and Drumm, along which, as well as upon the northern part of Front street, are several of the principal wharves, piers, docks and steamboat landings.

At right angles with these streets, running back at an acute angle from Market street, and at a right angle with the water front as well as the streets already named, are Geary, Post, Sutter, Bush, Pine, California, Sacramento, Clay, Washington, Jackson, Pacific, Broadway, with a dozen or more others still further north, and a score or so south.

Along the eastern blocks of these streets, that is, within five or six squares of the water, stand many

of the leading business houses, hotels, newspaper offices, etc.

A sufficient variety of pavement diversifies the surface of all these streets—from the primitive, original and everlasting cobble, destroyer of quiet, destruction to wheels and death on horses, to the smooth-rolling Nicolson and the beautifully level Stow foundation, blessed bane of all the above abominations, and not a specially bad thing for the contractors. The sidewalks generally have a liberal breadth. They are commonly covered with plank, asphaltum or brick, and, near the corners and in front of the numerous rum-holes, with gangs of bilks or crowds of loafers, who have only, as Sydney Smith once said of a certain vestry in London, to lay their heads together to make a first-class wooden pavement.

South of Market street, that is, in the newer and more rapidly growing portion of the city, the streets were laid out under a new survey, and, of course, have an angle and direction of their own. One set runs parallel with Market, that is, nearly southwest and northeast. Their names, in receding order from Market, are Mission, Howard, Folsom, Harrison, Bryant, Brannan, etc. These streets are generally wider than those of the older, northern part. Southeast of them are seven or eight parallel streets, gradually growing shorter as they come nearer the Mission Bay, ending in South street, less

than a block and a half long, lying along the water front. The lower or eastern ends of nearly all these streets run down to piers and wharves, upon which are the leading lumber and coal yards of the city, the largest hay and grain barns and sheds, and the immense docks of the great Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Nearly two miles back from the water front all these streets "swing around the circle" far enough to bring them into an exactly north and south line, and creep southward down the peninsula, a block or two farther south every season.

The streets running at right angles with Market street, beginning at the water front and reckoning back southwesterly, are named by their numbers, First, Second, etc., up to Thirtieth, and even beyond. Between First street and the present water front, some six or seven blocks have been filled in and are occupied chiefly by gas works, lumber yards and large manufactories. The new streets thus formed are named, in receding order from First street, Fremont, Beale, Main, Spear, Stuart and East. To reduce blocks to miles, one has only to know that in the older part of the city the blocks, reckoning east and west, number twelve to the mile, including the streets between. From north to south they are shorter, numbering sixteen to the mile. South of Market street the blocks are about one seventh of a mile long from east to west, and one ninth of a mile wide. In both the older and newer

parts of the city, the regular standard blocks are frequently subdivided by one, and sometimes two, smaller streets, running through them each way. Near the city front, the first six blocks, reckoning back from the water, have from one half to two thirds the standard size. Bearing these dimensions in mind, one can readily reduce blocks to miles, and calculate distance and time accordingly.

Approaches to the City.

From only one direction can the traveler approach the city by land; that is, by coming up from the south, through San José and the intervening places. From every other direction one approaches by water. Between Sacramento and San Francisco there are two principal routes by rail. The first brings the tourist to Vallejo, sixty miles, and thence twenty-three miles by boat, making a total of eighty-three miles, over the shortest and quickest route. Time, four hours and a half, fare, \$3.00.

Approaching by this route, he comes down upon the city from the northeast. On the left, the San Pablo, Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda shores, rising gently back into broad plains, whose further edges fringe the feet of the back-lying hills. Beyond the hills, Mount Diablo. On the larboard bow, as the sailors say, that is, a little southwest, rises Goat Island, or Yerba Buena, three hundred

and forty feet. This island looks, "very like a whale," and in outline seems a very monster among leviathans at that.

Directly south the waters of the bay stretch so far that one can seldom discern the shore line, and may easily fancy himself looking out to sea in that direction. Further round to the right, that is, more westerly, he may catch a glimpse of Hunter's Point with the chimney and engine house of the Dry Dock. Nearer lies the Potrero, with the suburban city fast creeping up the sides, and crowning the summit of its rocky promontory. From the beach, at its nearest base, stretch out the piers and rise the grimy buildings of the Pacific Rolling Mills. Still nearer you see the south end of the long bridge, stretching southerly across Mission Bay, and connecting the Potrero with the city. In a line with the further end of this bridge, and a mile or more nearer, we have the piers and sheds of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, with the immense ships of their China line, the largest wooden vessels afloat. The steep slope just to the right of them, on which you see the upper stories of a large brick building, is Rincon Hill, and the building is the U.S. Marine Hospital. That monument, as it seems, is the Shot Tower, while in front of, around and beyond it, you see the usual medley of ordinary city buildings, here and there rising into single or double church spires, broken by the bulk of some big busi-

ness block, and relieved by the regular lines of intersecting streets.

Right of Rincon Hill, where the city fills a broad hollow, you are looking over what was once the "Happy Valley" of early times. In a line beyond it lies the Mission, which you cannot now discover, backed by the "Twin Peaks," and the high hills which form the back-bone of the peninsula. Still following around, the larger buildings of the older city meet the eye, gradually rising up the southern slope. Those singular minarets or mosque-like twin towers or spires, surmount the Jewish Synagogue. Here and there a church spire shoots above the roofs, but one sees fewer of them than in eastern cities of equal size, because the possibility of earthquakes, and the certainty of high winds, restrain architects and builders from attempting anything too lofty or exposed. Several of the finest churches in the city, spread out on the earth much more than they rise toward heaven. One reason may be that they do not own far in the latter direction.

North of the Synagogue towers, the hill still rises through three blocks, when it reaches its full height in California street hill. Then a slight depression in the hill-top outline, followed by another rise into the Clay street and Washington street hill, two blocks north and three blocks west of the former.

The higher hill still further north but nearer the front, is the famous land-mark and signal-station,

Telegraph Hill, from whose top the long familiar observatory has but recently disappeared; prostrated on a stormy night last winter, by one of the giant winds whose fury it had so long defied.

Beyond, or to the right of Telegraph hill, the city falls away to the northwest, and the bay shore also trends in that direction. Black Point, the Presidio, and finally Fort Point, bring us to the Golden Gate.

Unfolding to empire its way,
Wide opened by gold and by fate,
Swung by tides which no nation can stay,
Here standeth the continent's gate.

Through the narrow Gate one has a single glimpse of the grand old sea, which stretches so peacefully away under the sunset. For northern gate-post you have Lime Point; and thence the vision rests on high hills packed in behind, and gradually lifting the gaze to Mount Tamalpais, beyond whose sharply-cut summit, nothing of note attracts the sight. Between us and Tamalpais, four miles nearer and half a mile lower, close at the water's edge, we have the small but beautifully situated town of Saucelito, with its sheltered picnic grounds and tranquil bay. Beyond the Saucelito bay you can almost see through Raccoon Strait, and discover that the higher land nearer the boat is not a point, but an island. Its name is Angel Island. It is the largest and most valuable island

in the bay. The Government owns it and occupies its southwestern side with barracks, garrison and parade grounds. Several batteries dot the shore at different points, and a military road around the island, connects them with the garrison.

This other small island of solid rock, crowned with a heavy fortress and girt with forts and batteries, is Alcatraz, the Pacific Gibraltar.

Instead of coming by way of Vallejo, the passenger from Sacramento may come by rail through Stockton, forty-eight miles; thence by rail to Oakland, eighty-six miles; and thence by boat to San Francisco, four miles; making a total distance of one hundred and thirty-eight miles, all rail except the last four. Through fare, \$2.50.

By this route you approach the city on the east, and have only to change the point of sight from northeast to east, and remember that Goat Island will be seen close by on the right hand, that is, north of the boat, to make the description of the approach from Vallejo almost equally accurate and easily adaptable for the approach from Oakland, which is the direction from which the great majority approach.

Those who may prefer can have their choice of a third way from Sacramento, and a second from Stockton; that is by steamer, usually leaving each of those cities at noon, and due in San Francisco in eight hours. From Sacramento by water the dis-

tance is one hundred and twenty-five miles, and the fare, \$1.50 ; from Stockton, one hundred and twenty miles, fare, \$1.50 ; dinner on board, \$1.00 ; staterooms, \$2.00, single berths, \$1.00. These boats reach San Francisco so early one seldom needs a stateroom, except in case of illness, or a strong desire for seclusion. Both lines of steamers land at the same pier, at the foot of Broadway, from ten to twelve blocks from the leading first-class hotels.

The only important route of approaching San Francisco, and riding into the city by land, lies on the south, coming from Gilroy, San José, Santa Clara, Redwood City, and intermediate places, in the cars of the Southern Pacific railroad. Coming in by this route, one traverses the fertile plains of the Santa Clara Valley, and skirts the foot-hills lying along the western base of the almost mountains, which form the divide between the bay slope and the ocean slope of the broad peninsula. Near Redwood City, and for the succeeding fifteen miles, the track runs between fresh water fields on the west and salt water marsh upon the east. From the Twelve-Mile Farm in, we strike nearer the centre of the constantly narrowing peninsula, and near San Miguel catch the first glimpse of the broad Pacific. The large building just west of the track is the Industrial School, our California House of Reformation. The southern suburbs of the city,

through which we enter, present nothing remarkable beyond the usual medley of old shanties, broad vegetable gardens, pleasant, home-like cottages, and here and there the more pretentious suburban residence, increasing in number as we come nearer the centre.

We come in by Valencia street, and reach the station upon Market, just east of its junction with Valencia.

Ocean Approach.

Besides the approaches already mentioned, one may come in from Panama, Mexico, Oregon, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, Japan or China. From whichever he may come, for the last ten miles before reaching the dock, his track will be the same. A few miles west of Fort Point, all these various ocean routes converge into one, enter San Francisco Bay by the Golden Gate, and bear away southward until they intersect, and for a short distance coincide with, the approach from Vallejo, already briefly described.

Conveyances.

HACKS.—Approaching the wharf or the railroad station, you encounter the usual jargon of hotel and baggage runners, each shouting his hotel, hack or coach, as if strength of lungs was his chief stock in trade. It is but simple justice to San Francisco hackmen, however, to say that a more obliging,

prompt, and courteous set, can hardly be found in any American city of equal size. That travelers may exactly understand for themselves the law regulating hacks and coaches, we quote order No. 718, of the Board of Supervisors of the city and county of San Francisco :

Section 7. "For a hackney carriage drawn by more than one horse, for one person, not exceeding one mile, \$1.50, and for *more* than one person, not exceeding one mile, \$2.50 ; and for each additional mile, for *each* passenger, 50 cents. For a hackney carriage drawn by one horse, for one person, not exceeding one mile, \$1.00 ; for more than one person, not exceeding one mile, \$1.50 ; for each passenger, for each additional mile, 25 cents."

Sec. 8. "From any landing of any steamboat, to any point east of the west line of Larkin street, and north of the south line of Brannan street, and east of Third street, shall, in all cases, be estimated not to exceed one mile."

In forty-nine cases out of fifty, no newly-arrived gentleman or lady will have any personal need to know the law; the foregoing is written mainly for the fiftieth. Bear in mind that these rates, like all fares and charges in the Golden State, are payable in gold or its equivalent coin; also, that they are the *highest*. Hackmen often carry for less.

COACHES.—Besides the hacks, one may find hotel coaches, which carry free to the hotel for which

they run, or charge fifty cents for each passenger within the limits above specified.

CARS.—The red cars of the City Front line pass the head of the dock every five minutes. These carry one to the very door of the “Cosmopolitan,” and “Occidental” Hotels, within one block of the “Lick House,” and two blocks of the “Grand Hotel.” Directly across the street from the pier of the Sacramento and Stockton steamers, half a block from the landing for passengers by rail, and one block from the landing of those coming by Vallejo, the green cars of the Sutter street line carry one directly by the “Cosmopolitan,” the “Lick House,” and the “Occidental,” and within half a block of the “Grand.” On both these lines the rate is ten cents coin for a single fare, or twenty-five cents for a coupon ticket good for four rides.

WAGONS.—At or near any landing, one can always find numbered express wagons, waiting to carry baggage for from 50 cents to \$1.00, according to bulk, weight, or distance.

PORTERS.—Black, white and yellow, will serve you for “two bits,” that is 25 cents, for carrying any reasonable package within reasonable distance. It is well, however, to keep your eye on porter and package.

BAGGAGE AND PACKAGE EXPRESSES.—Half an hour or more before reaching the city, either by car or boat, agents of the above companies will take your

checks and your money, give you a receipt for both, and deliver your baggage, for 25 cents for each ordinary-sized trunk or valise, at any place within the single-fare limits already given. These are reliable and responsible companies, whose agents none need fear to trust. They deliver baggage promptly and in as good condition as received.

Hotels.

The foreign tourist can witness to the great lack of really fine hotels abroad. All England hardly furnishes a single hotel to rank with the best of our second-class hotels in America. Outside of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, few, even of the northern cities, present any notable hotel attractions to the temporary guest. New Orleans has a single good hotel, but hardly one of the other southern cities has yet outgrown the old-fashioned "tavern."

In respect to these—in good hotels—by the immediate and unanimous verdict of every tourist, San Francisco stands preëminent. Nowhere on the continent can the traveler find beds, tables and rooms superior to those of the "Grand," the "Occidental," the "Cosmopolitan," and the "Lick House." and in no large city of America will he find as reasonable charges, considering the amount and quality of accommodation and the style of service rendered.

The usual standard rate at the four leading first-

class houses, is \$3.00 a day, for board and room. At the "Brooklyn," "Russ," and "American Exchange," the rates are \$2.00 to \$2.50 a day, for good rooms and equally good board.

THE GRAND HOTEL.—This magnificent hotel is the newest of all. It stands on the south side of Market street, occupying the whole block from New Montgomery to Second street, and stretching southward along new.Montgomery, across Stevenson street to Jessie. Its north front is 205 feet, its west front 335 feet, thus covering over one acre and a half of ground. Its height is three stories, surmounted by a Mansard roof, containing a fourth. Its style of architecture may be called the "modern combination," highly ornamented. In method of construction, it is a complete frame building, surrounded by brick walls of unusual thickness. Its four hundred rooms include chambers, parlors and suits of the amplest dimensions and the richest furnishing. The halls, corridors and stairways are spacious and airy. Through all the halls, at intervals of every few feet, hang coils of fire-hose, each attached to full hydrants, and always ready for instant use. Bath-rooms and toilets abound. Barber-shop, billiard room, and the most elegantly frescoed bar-room upon the coast, occupy the most convenient portions of the basement and first floor. An amply-supplied reading-room, with most luxurious chairs, invites and detains all weary guests. Branch offi-

ces of the leading telegraphs, postal delivery box, and all needed facilities for correspondence, are at hand. Hacks stand constantly at the three spacious entrances, and four leading lines of horse-cars radiate thence to every portion of the city and suburbs.

The dining-hall accommodates three hundred. Its tables are of moderate size, surrounded by plenty of room, loaded with abundant "substantials," flanked with all the latest delicacies, and served in the most attentive manner. Breakfast rooms for private parties, and separate eating-rooms for servants and children, immediately adjoin the main dining-hall. A large and well-appointed laundry promptly accommodates guests.

If there's anything else imaginable in the whole list of first-class hotel accommodations, just mention it to your obliging host Johnson, or his courteous and efficient adjutant, Ridgeway, and it shall go hard but they will furnish it for you at once, if it is to be had within the limits of telegraph and express.

THE OCCIDENTAL.—This popular standard house stands upon the east side of Montgomery; its west front occupies the whole block from Bush street to Sutter; stretches its north flank half a block down Bush street, while its south flank goes a hundred and sixty-seven feet down Sutter street. Vertically it rises six stories into the sunshine. Four

hundred and twelve elegant single and double rooms, with numerous suits having ample bathing and other accommodations, besides ladies' parlors, dining-halls, billiard-hall, convenient offices, broad stairways, spacious halls, and roomy passages, make up this truly magnificent mammoth establishment. The carpets and furniture are of the most elegant and costly description. A large and beautifully-fitted patent safety elevator adjoins the grand staircase near the main hall, and reading-room at the Montgomery street entrance.

Near the main entrance is a telegraph-office—hacks stand always in front, and four leading lines of horse-cars pass the three entrances. A newspaper and periodical stand, with post-office letter-box, complete the conveniences of the reading-room.

The walls are braced with iron, and securely anchored, besides being connected across the building by heavy iron ties on every story. Manager, Philip McShane.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.—This worthy compeer of the two already described, occupies the southwest corner of Bush and Sansome streets. Centrally-located, elegantly-constructed, conveniently-arranged, and well-furnished, this house is one of the largest and newest first-class hotels. An extensive addition, including some scores of single and double rooms, richly furnished in the most modern style, sufficiently indicate its prosperity. Tubbs & Patten, managers.

LICK HOUSE.—West side of Montgomery, between Sutter and Post streets. Its east front occupies the entire block between these two streets, and runs up between one and two hundred feet of each of them. Whilst this house is excellently finished and furnished throughout, it is especially celebrated for its elegant dining-hall, which is probably more artistically-planned and exquisitely-finished than any public dining-hall in the world. Jno. M. Lawlor & Co., managers.

BROOKLYN HOTEL.—Next to the elegant hotels already named, one may reckon the "Brooklyn"—on Bush street, north side, between Montgomery and Sansome. This excellent house makes a specialty of accommodating families, having an unusually large number of suits of rooms especially designed for their comfort. Its rates are about two thirds of those before mentioned. Hotel coaches convey all guests to the house free of charge. Messrs. Kelly & Wood, proprietors.

Besides the "Brooklyn," the traveler not wishing to stop at any of the grander and dearer houses, may have his choice of the "Russ House," west side of Montgomery, from Sutter to Pine, Messrs. Pearson & Seymour, proprietors; the "American Exchange," Sansome street, west side, corner of Hal-leck, Timothy Sargent, proprietor; the "Morton House," formerly Orleans Hotel, 117 Post street, south side, just above Kearny; and the "Interna-

tional Hotel," Weygant & Partridge, 530-534 Jackson street, north side, just below Kearny.

EUROPEAN PLAN.—One fond of this style, may suit himself at Gailhard's Hotel, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine street, Pereira & Co., proprietors. "What Cheer House"—This famous hotel combines the lodging-house and restaurant under one roof, with a success of which no old Californian needs be told. Besides the usual reading-room, it has also an extensive library and museum, free to all guests; R. B. Woodward, proprietor, 525-529 Sacramento street.

Lodging Houses.

Among these we name the "Nucleus" and the "Clarendon" as equal to the best. The "Nucleus" stands on the southeast corner of Third and Market streets; David Stern, proprietor. The "Clarendon House," John M. Ward, manager, 574 Folsom street, northwest corner of Second, is new and central.

Restaurants.

Whether a man eats to live or lives to eat, he can readily suit himself here. At present rates, the traveler can get better food, greater variety, and more of it for the same money, than in any eastern city. Among the best restaurants, are Saulmann's, 520 California street, north side, between Montgomery and Kearny; Swain's Family Bakery and Restaurant, 636 Market, north side,

between Montgomery and Kearny; Martin's, Commercial street; Job's, 327 Kearny; and Lermite's Coffee Saloon, 530 Merchant street.

Baths.

The hotels usually furnish first-class facilities without the trouble of going out from under the roof. Should anyone, however, wish a more extended application of fresh or salt water, hot or cold, vapor or steam, Turkish, Russian or Roman, he has come to the very place where they have them even better than in their original countries. If you doubt it, ask Bayard Taylor.

Zeile's Baths, at 527 Pacific street, north side, between Montgomery and Kearny, furnish more natural facilities and improved artificial appliances for the scientific application of Russian, Turkish, and Roman baths, than any other establishment in Europe or America. The visitor will be surprised at the extent and completeness of every appointment in Dr. Zeile's establishment.

Places of Amusement.

No matter how busy you may be at home, you are *here* for enjoyment. When evening comes you want a good lecture, concert or play. We have them all—the first occasionally, the last two regularly. The newest, largest and finest play house is the

CALIFORNIA THEATER, on the north side of Bush street between Kearny and Dupont: John McCullough, lessee and manager. If there's a good play in the city, we generally find it here; if there are comfortable chairs and luxurious boxes anywhere, they are certainly here; and if there's an artist of good taste and a successful manager combined in one man, his name is John McCullough. The theater is new and spacious, having comfortable seats for over three thousand, one of the largest stages in the United States, with complete mechanical appliances, and finely-painted scenery and drop-curtain.

METROPOLITAN THEATER.—Montgomery street, north side, between Washington and Jackson. Occasionally occupied for transient engagements, often presenting excellent plays. Has fine acoustic properties; seats two thousand.

ALHAMBRA, 325 Bush street. This is a snug and tasty combination of theater, minstrels and opera house, usually presenting some popular and spicy blending of wit, art and song.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.—Washington street, north side, between Montgomery and Kearny; Thomas Maguire, proprietor. This is the famous old theater in which Forrest, Kean and Booth delighted the California audiences of earlier days.

CHINESE THEATER.—At No. 630 Jackson street the curious visitor may witness the most curious medley

ever put upon a stage and called a play. An interminable and unintelligible jargon of ding-dong, clatter-clattter, tum-tum and rattle-rattle-rattle combined with falsetto screeches, wonderful gymnastics, graceful contortions, terrific sword combats, and strange old oriental masqueradings, is what you may see in the celestial play house. Half an hour of it will fully satisfy you; but every eastern visitor must needs endure at least so much.

MUSEUMS — WOODWARD'S.— At Woodward's Gardens, Mission street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. This contains over ten thousand specimens of zoology, ornithology, Indian relics, alcoholic collections, natural curiosities, ancient coins, etc., besides a beautifully arranged and finely lighted art gallery, including several rare old pictures, and a sort of floral museum in the shape of a charming conservatory, wherein fragrance vies with beauty to delight and detain.

MELODEONS, DANCE HALLS, BEER CELLARS.—We hardly anticipate that the average tourist will care to be "guided" into places under this heading, but the philosophic student of human nature, as well as the curious observer of social customs, cannot consider his knowledge of any city complete until he has personally seen and actually known, not only the highest, but the lowest, amusements extensively patronized by its people. Like all other large cities, San Francisco has its share of low haunts in which

really modest, and sometimes meritorious, performances blend with a much larger proportion of immodest, meretricious and disgraceful ones.

Halls.

PLATT'S HALL.—216 Montgomery, east side, just north of Bush street, is one of the most popular in the city. Popular concerts, literary lectures, religious anniversaries, educational celebrations, magical entertainments, military balls and social dances, succeed each other so rapidly that there are few nights, especially in the pleasure season, when Platt's Hall does not offer something worth going to see. Henry B. Platt, proprietor.

UNION HALL.—South side of Howard, near Third. This is the largest permanent hall in the city, and a grand place for unusually large social parties, exhibitions, political conventions and popular mass meetings. It easily accommodates upwards of three thousand.

PACIFIC HALL.—In the California Theater building, north side of Bush, just above Kearny. This is a centrally-located, tastefully-finished double hall, that is, two connected so as to be used singly or jointly according to need. Capacity, fifteen hundred.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY HALL.—In the basement of the Mercantile Library Association Building, north side of Bush street, between Montgomery and San-

some. Elegantly finished in pure white, with paneled and ornamented walls and ceilings. Accommodates eight hundred. The closeness of the neighboring buildings gives it a bad light by day, but no hall in the city lights up more brilliantly at night.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE HALL.—Upon the lower floor of the building of that association, south side of Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny. This is another newly-constructed, conveniently-planned, well-furnished and centrally-located hall, with a medium capacity of about six hundred.

Y. M. C. A. HALL.—Young Men's Christian Association building, north side of Sutter, just west of Kearny. A remarkably neat, well-proportioned, lofty and well-ventilated hall, having its capacity largely increased by a conveniently-sloping gallery stretching across the whole of one side, and throwing forward its flanks at either end. Capacity, six hundred and fifty.

DASHAWAY HALL.—Dashaway Society's building, south side of Post, between Kearny and Dupont. This singular name belongs to the pioneer temperance organization of the Pacific coast. Its origin can hardly be better stated than in the brief sentences of Tuthill, in his *History of California*: "A company of firemen, Howard No. 3, sitting in their engine house late at night, January 1st, 1859, celebrating New Year's after the custom of the country.

fell to musing over their future prospects, and were vouchsafed a vision of their probable fate. At last they solemnly agreed to discontinue the use of intoxicating liquor, or, as they phrased it, to "*dash away* the cup." They accordingly organized a temperance society of "Dashaways," with Frank E. R. Whitney, chief engineer of the fire department of San Francisco, as their first President, pledging themselves to drink nothing intoxicating for five and one half months. They kept their promise, and liked it so well that, before reaching the limit of their self-imposed pledge, they renewed it for all time." Thus began the first temperance society of California, which has enrolled thousands of names, erected a fine building, founded a large library, and maintains weekly lectures to this day. In a country where wine is fast becoming a chief production, and whose greatest present danger is the social glass, the origin, efforts and success of the pioneer temperance organization merit more than passing notice.

BILLIARDS.—Tournaments and champions of this king of in-door games compel brief mention of this popular amusement and the places where one may best enjoy it. Every leading hotel has a fine billiard room attached; those of the four first named are palatial in the elegance and richness of their finish and furniture.

BOWLING SALOONS AND SHOOTING GALLERIES.—We

set these together, not because of any particular affinity between the two, but because the city has hardly enough of either to make an item of one alone. At the southwest corner of Montgomery and Pine, the enthusiastic bowler may probably find as many pins as he can prostrate, with attendants who can set them up as fast as he can knock them down; while at 913 Kearny street, he can keep up his practice, if already an expert, or "get his hand in," if a novice, at

"Shooting folly as she flies."

Those wishing the longer range for rifle practice, find it at Hermann's, near the Presidio, that is, on one's way to Fort Point.

Gymnasiums.

Although nominally a christian land, California has yet many sturdy "musclemen" within her borders, while her larger cities have several schools of various kinds, for the training of young disciples in "muscular christianity.

Chief among these in San Francisco, stands the Olympic Club, the largest physical culture club in the State. Founded in 1860, during its eleven years of ceaseless and increasing activity, over five thousand persons have availed themselves of its admirable facilities for acquiring or perfecting one's ability to "travel on his muscle." It is by no means an association of boys, or of young men

only ; some of the best known gray-beard pioneers, with many of the leading merchants and professional men, have enthusiastically enjoyed their daily "play-spell" within its walls for many years, and they do it still. At 35 Sutter street, south side, just below Montgomery, one may find their spacious and lofty hall, amply supplied with all the paraphernalia of modern gymnastics, and adorned with several large paintings in oil, by prominent artists who are also Olympics, besides the photographs of past and present leading members.

The San Francisco Turn-verein have their hall and rooms on the north side of O'Farrell, between Mason and Taylor. Organized in 1852, it is the oldest association in the State, owns its premises, and has an actual present membership of nearly six hundred. It is, of course, conducted upon the German plan.

Y. M. C. A.—Those who want a roll at the pins upon strictly orthodox principles, or to punch each other's heads under the sanction of christianity, can escape, or at least modify, the censure of their uncharitable spiritual superiors, by resorting to the very neat and comfortable gymnasium in the basement of the Young Men's Christian Association Building, already described. This has the great advantage and the unquestionable attraction of providing for ladies also. It has all the necessary conveniences of bath-rooms and dressing-rooms attached.

SKATING RINKS.—Mercury, the fleet messenger of the gods, is fabled to have had *wings* upon his feet. Forbidden by gravity to emulate him, our modern skaters fasten *wheels* to their feet, and make up for their inability to fly by developing their power to skate. The immense floor of the Mechanics' Institute Mammoth Pavilion, on the west side of Stockton, between Post and Geary, affords the largest and smoothest rink to be found in the union. Two or three others exist in the city, besides the very large and fine new one in the pavilion at Woodward's Gardens.

BASE-BALL AND CRICKET GROUNDS.—At the southeast corner of Folsom and Twenty-fifth streets, an entire block, inclosed by a high fence, leveled to the necessary smoothness and overlooked by several hundred well-sheltered spectators' seats, furnishes fine accommodations for match games of base-ball and cricket. Here the famous Red Stockings, of Cincinnati, won fresh laurels, and the officers and crew of H. B. M. ship Zealous, played the crack cricket clubs of the State.

Parks and Gardens.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS

Are on the west side of Mission street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. This famous resort is both park and garden, and much more besides. Its fences inclose nearly six acres, but its actual surface

considerably surpasses that area, from the fact that the hill-slopes and terraces, with the various floors and galleries of the different buildings really double or even treble the original surface beneath, so that, if spread upon one level, they would cover thousands of square feet more. They thus rival any public square in size and far surpass it in variety and beauty.

We reach them, by the red cars of the City Railroad Company, leaving the west front of the Grand Hotel, at the junction of New Montgomery Avenue and Market street, every five minutes—fare five cents. Or we may go out by either the Market street, Howard street, or Folsom street cars. The first of these carry us within a little over a block of the entrance—fare, five cents; the second within a block, and the third within two blocks. Fare on the last two, ten cents for a single ride, or four tickets for a quarter. On sunny days and holiday afternoons the City Railroad runs large, open-sided excursion or picnic cars, newly constructed expressly to be run to and from the Gardens. The entrance is upon the west side of Mission, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, through an elegant architectural gateway, or sort of façade, surmounted by four colossal statues, or carved figures. The two central figures resemble a combination of Minerva and the Goddess of Liberty; one might not go far wrong in letting them stand for

California and Oregon. The one upon either flank is a notably well-carved grizzly; larger than life and twice as natural, sitting erect upon his haunches, supporting a flag-staff with his fore paws, and with mouth slightly opened in an amiable grin of undisguised pleasure at the prominence of his elevated position, and of welcome to the visiting thousands who constantly deposit their quarters and dimes beneath his sentinel post.

Arrived within we seem to have suddenly left the windy city and dusty streets far behind. Grassy lawns surround beautiful gardens. Every variety of flowery vine and blossoming shrub alternates with rare trees interspersed here and there with artificial clumps of imported trees, or stretching along the border of the original grove native to the spot, while gravel walks wind among the whole. Immediately upon the right of the entrance, in the gate-keeper's building, is a library of nearly two thousand standard volumes, many of them rare and costly. Directly in front of the gateway, stands the

MUSEUM,

formerly Mr. Woodward's private residence—at present occupied by a miscellaneous museum of natural and artificial wonders, beasts, birds, fishes and shells, with an occasional freak of nature in the shape of a mammoth or a dwarf, or a still more startling preservation of some double-headed

or six-legged specimens. The zoologist or ornithologist would scarcely get beyond this building the first day. Left of the Museum stands the

CONSERVATORY.

This is the principal one of five flower and plant houses, having an aggregate length of three hundred feet by one tenth that width. This is a really elegant crystal palace in miniature, filled with the beauty and fragrance of the rarest exotics. Through this one may pass directly to the

ART GALLERY.

The vestibule or ante-room of the Art Gallery is in fact another museum, containing two statues, an extensive collection of birds and bird's eggs; upwards of a thousand coins of all ages and nations, curious idols and weapons, with hundreds of other curiosities helpfully classified, and the whole enclosed in an ante-room elegantly proportioned and beautifully frescoed by Poldeman, in imitation of Pompeii. Thence we enter the Art Gallery proper, lighted from above—frescoed by the same artist—decorated, in the corners, with allegorical representations of Painting, Sculpture, Music and Architecture—while over the door hang the two celebrated bas-reliefs, "Night" and "Morning," by Thorwaldsen. Niches on each side contain busts of Schiller, Goethe, Tasso and Petrarch. Over sixty rare old paintings or faithful copies cover the walls.

Raphael and Salvator Rosa appear in beautiful copies; several gems from the best Dutch masters furnish a transition to the modern school, of which one or two pictures from Bierstadt, and two or three views of California scenery by Virgil Williams, stand as pleasing types.

Leaving the Art Gallery, by another exit, we stand upon the margin of a lovely little lake, around whose centre revolves the great attraction for the young folks, and no small novelty to most adult visitors, the famous

ROTARY BOAT.

This endless craft is a huge circular vessel, rigged with fore and aft sails, and seating a hundred people, who step in from the concave landing upon one side as the radial seats successively come up. It would puzzle the "cutest" old salt to find bow or stern to this curious craft; the shrewdest countrymen have to confess that they "can't make head nor tail out of the thing," while the enjoyment which the youngsters find in it, like the boat itself, never comes to an end.

Between the lake and the conservatory, an outdoor

GYMNASIUM,

with ladders, bars, rings, swings and climbing-poles, accommodates all who may wish to recreate the body. From the lake flows a little stream,

along whose banks the pelican, the crane, the albatross, the wild goose and the common gull, pompously stalk or awkwardly waddle; while in its water, two or three beavers, a pair of minks and a seal or two, make their homes. Beyond this, the

HENNERY,

in which the admirer of fine poultry may see a large variety of the choicest stock. An adjoining inclosure presents a pair of ostriches, and another has two or three beautiful deer and fawn. Near the southwest corner of the garden, the

TUNNEL

carries the visitor through a heavily-timbered, securely planked, cleanly-kept and well-lighted passage under Fourteenth street, into the

ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS

and the amphitheater. Here, ranged along the north side, backed by a high and tight fence, and fronting the south that they may have the warmest possible exposure, are the animals of the menagerie. Royal Bengal Tigers, Rocky Mountain Grizzlies, Mexican Panthers, and South American Jaguars, Australian Kangaroos, and a curious medley of dissimilar animals known as the "Happy Family," make up the caged collection. The cages are roomy, airy, cleanly and secure. The animals are remarkably fine specimens, kept in capital condi-

tion, and the keeper is intelligent and courteous.

Beyond the great cages is another range of smaller ones, containing black and cinnamon bears, foxes, badgers, raccoons, opossums, and mischievous monkeys of all sizes. Esquimaux dogs, Siberian reindeer and European elk, with many other animals, more than we have space even to catalogue, make up a collection of animated nature sufficient to stock half a dozen ordinary traveling shows, and still leave enough on hand to surpass any of them. Besides these, spacious inclosures allow Arabian and Bactrian camels a free promenade, while still beyond, another yard is tenanted by the shaggiest, sleepest-looking, most patient and good-natured donkeys that ever allowed a gang of roistering youngsters to pack themselves upon their backs, only to be incontinently and ignominiously pitched over their heads into a promiscuous pile of dust-covered and disgusted juvenile humanity. At the extreme end of the Zoological Grounds the inclosure on the right contains a genuine Rocky Mountain Buffalo, while in the larger one upon the left, two or three reindeer contentedly browse.

AMPHITHEATER.

In the center of the zoological grounds, a large race-course, securely inclosed between inner and outer circular fences, affords free scope for Roman Chariot races, hurdle races, foot races, and eques-

trian performances generally. Within the inner fence, a level circle of some eighty feet diameter, accommodates acrobatic performers; while a lofty pole, rising from its center, furnishes ambitious youngsters all needed facilities for flying swings or skillful "shinning." Around this stadium are raised seats for three thousand, with a covered portion sheltering six hundred, not to mention standing room for ten thousand more.

Returning through the tunnel we turn to the left, ascend the hill and enter the

PAVILION.

This is the largest and strongest permanent wooden building upon the coast. It has the form of a parallelogram with the corners unequally cut off, thus giving its ground outline the shape of an irregular octagon. It is one hundred and fifty feet long, by one hundred and thirty wide and fifty high, surmounted by a water-tight roof, nearly an acre and a half in extent. Half a dozen broad entrances admit us to the spacious interior. Here we have a central floor; one hundred and ten feet long by ninety feet wide, as solidly laid, perfectly fitted and smoothly planed as art could make it, and furnishing the finest

SKATING RINK

imaginable, or the most capacious ball-room floor to be desired. Around this floor, a sort of dress-

circle, fitted with easy seats, separated by broad aisles and roomy spaces, rises gradually back to the surrounding wall. This dress-circle accommodates three thousand spectators. Above it is a broad gallery of equal size, similarly fitted and holding as many. The gallery windows command a fine view of the underlying gardens, the meandering walks, the lake, the conservatories, shrubbery and the museum; of the zoological grounds and amphitheater further away, and of the southwestern suburbs, bounded by the Mission hills, beyond. This pavilion has a seating capacity of six thousand, while for any brief mass-meeting, four thousand more could easily stand in the nine thousand nine hundred square feet of space upon the floor. A commodious and conveniently located music, or speaker's stand, with broad stairways between dress-circle and gallery, complete the appointments of this mammoth building, whose workman-like finish and enormous strength, fully equal its huge size and immense capacity. Just west of the pavilion stands a picturesque little

TURKISH MOSQUE,

whose exterior faithfully reproduces the oriental original. Its interior is tastefully frescoed, while its domed ceiling presents an astronomical fresco, representing the starry heavens. Near the southeast corner of the pavilion is the

RESTAURANT,

so that one need not leave the grounds, should he find occasion to fill his stomach before he has sufficiently feasted his eyes. Between the restaurant and the mosque, occupying the highest point of the hill, stands

THE OBSERVATORY,

formed by a secure railing and comfortable seats inclosing and surrounding the circular top of a huge reservoir, or tank. Until the recent erection of the pavilion, this was the best point of view from which to study the plan of the grounds and enjoy their scenery; and even now, it well rewards ascent, especially for those who hardly care to climb into the pavilion gallery.

In various snug places among and under the trees, and, in some places, surrounding their trunks, are scattered scores of

LUNCH TABLES,

as a sort of out-post or picket-guard thrown out by the restaurant proper. All about the top of the pavilion hill, and for some distance down its sides, these tables, of all shapes and sizes, round, ring-shaped, triangular, octagonal, square, and "parallelogramical," and surrounded by an abundance of comfortable seats, occupy the most romantic situations. Descending the hill-slope by a winding path, we pass a broad lawn upon the left, on which

the enterprising proprietor proposes the early erection of a large, conveniently-arranged fire-proof museum, for the better security of his valuable collections and cabinets.

We have now completed the general tour of this elegant park, with its delightful combination of the beautiful in nature and the wonderful in art, with the rarest curiosities of both. As a broad and airy holiday play-ground for tired pupils, as a romantic retreat for family picnics, as a pleasure-park for the quiet promenades of old and young, as a varied field of study for the naturalist, as one of the lungs through which the tired and dusty city may draw a cool, refreshing, healthful breath, and, finally, as a grand union of park, garden, conservatory, museum, gymnasium, zoological grounds and art gallery, no eastern city offers the equal of Woodward's Gardens.

City Gardens.

On the south side of Twelfth street, stretching from Folsom to Harrison, and running half a block south. Entrance on the corner of Folsom and Twelfth. Reached most directly by the Folsom street cars. Admission, 25 cts.

Menageries.

The finest in the city is that already described in the zoological department of Woodward's Gardens.

The only other is a small collection of bears, monkeys and birds at North Beach.

Squares and Parks.

The oldest and best finished public square is Portsmouth Square, commonly called the Plaza, on the west side of Kearny street, extending from Clay street to Washington street, and directly fronting the old City Hall. Besides these are Washington, Union, Columbia, Lobos, Alcatraz, Lafayette, Jefferson, Alta, Hamilton and Alamo Squares, with Yerba Buena, Buena Vista and Golden Gate Parks. The last named covers nearly 1,200 acres, (of sand at present.) Of these, the Plaza and Washington Square are the principal ones which have been sufficiently improved to merit even passing notice. To these one may add South Park, a small but elegant private inclosure occupying the centre of the block between Bryant and Brannan streets.

Promenades.

MONTGOMERY STREET.—This is the San Francisco Broadway. Flanked on either side by many of the largest and finest retail business houses, as well as two of the leading hotels. During the forenoon business monopolizes it almost exclusively; afternoons fashion claims its sidewalks, and well-nigh crowds business, not exactly to the wall, but rather upon the curbstone, if not fairly into the

gutter. From three to five p. m. the tide of mammon begins to ebb, and that of fashion swells in at full flood. Fair women and frail, beauty and ugliness—calicoes, silks, satins, velvets, broad-cloths, beavers and cashmere, make up the motley throng, swaying and trailing up and down the crowded thoroughfare. The faces are very fair, “as far as we can see,” and the forms equally graceful, with the same limitation.

Masculine faces, broad-browed, clear-eyed, bronze-cheeked, firm-mouthed or full-bearded, impress one with the dash, the drive and the nerve which have spanned the continent with rails and bridged the Pacific with ships, ere yet the flush of full manhood has fairly settled upon them. Too many, it is true, show the full, uncertain lip, the flushed cheek and dewy eye that tell of excessive stimulus too frequently applied. Nowhere on earth is the temptation to drink stronger than here. Business is sharp, competition brisk, and the climate the most stimulating anywhere to be found. So they *drive* till nature falters or weakens and calls for rest. But rest they cannot or will not afford; the stimulus is *quicker*, it is everywhere close at hand—it seems to save time. Business men die suddenly; on the street to-day, at Laurel Hill to-morrow; heart disease, apoplexy, congestion of the lungs, or liver complaint, are among the causes most frequently assigned to the inquiring public. The

causes of these causes, few stop to ask, or dare to tell.

KEARNY STREET.—Parallel with Montgomery and but a single block above, that is, west of it, runs the rival, if not already the equal, business and pleasure avenue, Kearny street. Though some single buildings on Montgomery may be finer, the average of the business blocks along Kearny street already equals, if it does not surpass that of its rival. The street itself is broader, the sidewalks wider, while the press of vehicles and the throngs of fashion are fully equal.

CALIFORNIA STREET.—At right angles with both these streets, and intersecting them near their centre, California street, the Wall street of San Francisco, runs straight down from one of the highest summits within the city limits, to within two blocks of the water front, and there debouches into Market. Its upper portion lies between elegant private residences; half way down the slope stand two of the leading city churches; below, the *Alta* office, and leading telegraph offices; thence from Montgomery down, the finest number of business blocks the city presents. On this street below Montgomery, the Bank of California, the Merchants' Exchange, the Pacific Insurance Company's Building, Hayward's, Duncan's, and Wormser's, with other blocks and buildings, present a continuous front of architectural beauty rarely equaled.

MARKET STREET.—This broad, dividing avenue which separates the older city from the newer, offers a rare architectural medley to the exploring tourist's eye. Some of the grandest business blocks on the Pacific slope tower up between or stand squarely opposite the frailest wooden shells that yet survive the "early days." Running up from the water, one encounters such noble blocks as Treadwell's, not lofty but broad, deep and strong. Harpending's whole-block front. The Grand Hotel and Nucleus foretell the size and style of the blocks which are yet to form continuous fronts along this main artery of trade.

SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH STREETS.—South of Market, these streets come nearer to fashionable streets than any others; especially along the blocks nearer to Market. They present several single buildings of notable size and style.

THE BEST TIME.—For any walk or drive within the city limits, or on the entire San Francisco peninsular, the most comfortable hours of all the day, during the season in which the tourists commonly visit us, that is from May to September, are, unquestionably, the morning hours; the earlier the better. If you would see men and women go later; take the afternoon, face the wind and the dust, be lifted bodily off your feet, round "Cape Horn," as they call the southeast corner of Market and Third streets, until you have quite enough of

that "free-soil" which may be a very fine thing in politics, but is a "beastly disagreeable thing," as our English friends might say, on a promenade.

Drives.

THE CLIFF HOUSE ROAD.—Stretches westerly from the city limits, now the west end of Bush street, to the Pacific Ocean beach—originally a mere trail over shifting sand hills. It has become the broadest, hardest, smoothest and longest track in the State. If you want an idea of California horse-flesh, and San Francisco turnouts, trot out this way almost any day. The track has a fine, hard surface wide enough, in places, for twenty teams abreast, and is often nearly filled from side to side with smooth-rolling or friendly racing teams, from the natty single buggy to the elegant coach, or the stately four-in-hand. A million dollars' worth of legs and wheels flash by a man in a very few hours on this fashionable drive, especially on a race-day. Along this road are one or two wayside inns, which, like the majority of California inns, are chiefly drinking-houses under another name. At the end stands the Cliff House, so named from its site, the solid top of a precipitous rocky bluff or cliff, overlooking the Seal Rocks, a few hundred feet west; then a thirty-mile horizon of the Pacific Ocean, broken only by the sharp rocky points of the Farallones low down under the

western sky, visible only when fogs and mists and haze are wanting. Attached to the house are long horse sheds which shut off the wind from your horse while his driver goes in to interview *Foster*, mine host of the Cliff. South of the Cliff the road goes down to and out upon the Ocean House, which differs little from the popular eastern beach drives, except that it is not as wide even at the lowest of the tide, and that the ocean view thence is far more seldom diversified with sails. The beach and surf are good, however, and a brisk drive of two or three miles upon it, seldom fails to put the oxygen into the lungs—the iodine into the blood, and the exhilaration into the spirits. Some two or three miles south of the Cliff House, the road bends east, leaves the beach and starts back to the city by another way, known as the

OCEAN HOUSE ROAD, named, like the other, from the house standing near its seaward end. Approaching the city by this route, one reaches a greater height than by the Cliff House road, and when about two miles from the city, enjoys a beautiful view of the southern and western city, the shipping, the bay, the opposite shore, the trailing cities and towns, whose houses gleam between the trees of Contra Costa and Alameda counties, with their grassy foot-hills, the whole view backed and bounded by old Mt. Diablo beyond. Returning by this road, one enters the city suburbs upon the south-

west by Seventeenth, or Corbett street, passes directly by the Mission with the famous old church which named it, and pursues his way back to the centre by Market, Mission, Howard or Folsom streets. Between the Cliff House and Ocean House roads, and nearer the latter, private enterprise has recently constructed a third track, known as the Central Ocean Drive.

BAY VIEW ROAD.—Drive from Market street along Third to the Long Bridge, cross that to the Potrero, keep straight on through the deep cut, over the Islais bridge, thence through South San Francisco, up a little rise, from whose summit you look down into a little valley or green bay of vegetable gardens, between which and the water stands the Bay View House, on one side of the Bay View race track. From several points as you drive out, you will readily understand why they used the phrase “Bay View” so frequently in naming localities hereabout. If you wish to return by another way, drive half a mile beyond the track, where your way runs into the older road of early times. If you have time, drive on to the brow of the hill and look down into Visitacion Valley; if not, at the acute angle where the roads become one, you turn sharply back, and after two miles of slightly uneven road, enter the city between the eastern edge of the Mission flats and the western foot of the Potrero hills.

The best time for all these drives, as already said

concerning the promenades, is morning, the earlier the better. Besides the greater purity and freshness of the air, everywhere accompanying the morning hours, one then escapes the wind and dust which, on nearly every afternoon, constitute the chief drawback from the full enjoyment of outdoor pleasure during those hours.

Libraries.

In these windy and dusty afternoons, when nature seems to frown, art and literature invite you within, and proffer quiet retreats with the best of company—good books. For a city as young and as distinctively absorbed in business, San-Francisco has amply provided for the gratification of scientific research or literary taste. The chief libraries are the Mercantile, the Mechanics' Institute, the Odd Fellows', the Pioneers', and the Y. M. C. A., each of which is located in the building of the same name, presently to be noticed. Besides these, at the What Cheer House, and at Woodward's Gardens, one finds two or three thousand well selected standard volumes, free to guests and visitors.

Public Buildings.

FEDERAL.

POST-OFFICE.—The first of these to every tourist is, naturally, the Government building through which his letters come and go. This is a mode-

ately-sized two-story building of stuccoed brick, running parallel with the west side of Battery street, between Washington and Jackson. One may enter from any street of the three. 'The ladies' entrance, which is also common, is from Washington street. The principal business entrance is on the west front of the building, through a cross street entered at either end from Washington or Jackson. The office opens daily at 8 A. M., and closes at 6:30 P. M., except Sundays, when its only open hour is from 9 to 10 A. M. The great overland mail for New York, by the way of Salt Lake and Omaha, closes every week day at 7:30 A. M., and on Saturdays at 3 P. M. N. B. Stone, P. M.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE is simply the upper floor of the Post-office building. Entrance on Battery, near Washington. Timothy G. Phelps, Collector.

U. S. BRANCH MINT.—The old building still occupied, and likely to be for at least a year, stands on the north side of Commercial, near Montgomery. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Visitors received daily from 9 to 12. O. H. La Grange, Superintendent.

THE NEW MINT, or what is to be that building, stands on the northwest corner of Fifth and Mission streets. Its ground dimensions are $221\frac{1}{2}$ feet on Fifth, by $166\frac{1}{2}$ feet on Mission street. The basement is already built of California granite. Above the basement, which is $13\frac{3}{4}$ feet high, the walls are

built of blue-gray freestone, from Newcastle Island in the Gulf of Georgia, between Vancouver's Island and the mainland of British Columbia. Thus, Uncle Sam is building his new Mint of British stone. Two stories of $18\frac{1}{2}$ feet each will surmount the high basement. The lower of these is now nearly completed. From the pavement to the crown of the roof will be 70 feet. Two chimneys will tower to the height of 150 feet.

THE U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL stands at the northeast corner of Harrison and Main streets, upon the northeast slope of Rincon Hill. This is the old building. The hospital also occupies the former buildings of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, on the southeast corner of Mission and Fifteenth streets.

CITY AND COUNTY BUILDINGS.

OLD CITY HALL.—This famous old brick and stucco, two-story, earthquake-cracked, and iron-braced structure, with the adjoining Hall of Records, stretches along the east side of Kearny street from Merchant to Washington, and extends nearly a third of the block down each of those streets. The police-offices and lock-ups occupy the basement, while the usual District Court rooms, with Judges' Chambers and municipal offices, Supervisors' and Board of Education rooms, fill the upper floors, and clamor for more room.

THE NEW CITY HALL thus far exists only on

paper. The Commissioners have chosen an elaborate plan for a costly edifice, which will far surpass anything on the coast in architectural beauty; but the execution of that plan has hardly yet completed the excavation for the foundation walls. Hence it is yet too early to tantalize the tourist with descriptions of a beautiful building not yet visible, except in the architect's drawing, or the lithographic copies. If any tourist is curious to see the *site*, he may find it by going out Market street till he reaches what was known as Yerba Buena Park, corner of Market and Seventh streets. The City Hall Commissioners adopted the plans and specifications of Mr. Augustus Laver, of New York, and elected him architect; but, at the present rate of progress, it is hardly probable that less than two or three years will witness the completion of the urgently-needed and magnificently-designed new City Hall.

JAIL.—On the north side of Broadway, between Dupont and Kearny, one desirous of inspecting our penal institutions may find ample opportunity to study the physiognomy of that class which inhabits them, and learn the crimes which preponderate in the Pacific metropolis. Sheriff, P. J. White.

ALMSHOUSE.—This asylum occupies one of the healthiest locations in the State, near the Ocean House, or San Miguel road, about four and one quarter miles southwest of the City Hall. M. J. Keating, Superintendent.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—This finely-constructed, conveniently-arranged and well-managed reform school, stands on the western slope of the peninsula hills, about seven miles southwest of the city. Like the Almshouse it has as healthful a location as can be found in the State. It receives only boys, who are regularly taught by competent teachers, and employed in various indoor occupations or out-door work. Present number of inmates, two hundred and twelve. The order and discipline of this school well repay a visit. Jno. C. Pelton, Superintendent.

ENGINE HOUSES.—In early days, before the establishment of homes, the pioneer firemen seemed to love their machine very much as the sailor loves his ship. They built elegant and costly engine houses, which became to many of them the only homes they ever knew. Since the introduction of the improved steam fire engines, and the organization of the paid fire department, the glory of the old volunteer organizations has well nigh departed. But their houses yet remain, some of them converted to other uses, while others still retain much of their earlier attractiveness.

Eight first-class steamers, of the Amoskeag make, weighing from three to four tons each, throwing four hundred gallons a minute, each costing from four to five thousand dollars in gold coin, and manned by twelve men, make up the present paid fire department. At a public trial a week since,

New York and Philadelphia witnesses voluntarily and unanimously testified that they had never seen machines reach the spot as soon and get a stream upon the flames as quickly, as did the machines of our fire department. This fact may conduce to the sense of security with which the eastern tourist lies down to sleep in his strange bed. For the benefit of any extra nervous gentleman, we may add the universal rule of conduct in regard to midnight alarms of fire among us, is this : When waked by a fire-alarm, place your hand against the nearest wall. If it feels cold, lie still ; if moderately warm, order a different room at once ; if positively *hot*, leave for another hotel immediately.

CORPORATION AND SOCIETY BUILDINGS.

THE PIONEER'S BUILDING.—A finely proportioned building on the corner of Gold and Montgomery streets, above Jackson. This building is not as noteworthy as the society which built and chiefly occupies it. The famous "Society of California Pioneers" was formed in August, 1850. Its constitution declares its object to be :

"To cultivate the social virtues of its members ;

"To collect and preserve information connected with the early settlement of the country ; and

"To perpetuate the memory of those whose sagacity, energy and love of independence induced them to settle in the wilderness and become the germs of a new State."

It includes three classes: 1st. Native Californians; foreigners living in California before the American conquest; and citizens of the United States who became actual residents here before January 1st, 1849—with the male descendants of these.

2d. Citizens of the United States who became actual residents of California before January 1st, 1850, and their male descendants.

3d. Honorary members admitted according to the by-laws. The society has enrolled over 1,300 members. Its historical library and museum well repay a visit. Charles D. Carter, President.

MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE.—This building, the commercial headquarters of the mercantile army of the Pacific, stands on the south side of California street, between Montgomery and Sansome. It ranks among the largest and finest architectural ornaments of the city.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA.—Northwest corner of California and Sansome. This elegant stone structure is not remarkable for size; but for broad and deep foundations, slow and strong construction, harmonious proportions, convenient arrangements and admirable finish within and without, it ranks among the finest and most costly business buildings in the Union. President, D. O. Mills. Cashier, William C. Ralston.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING.—North side of Bush

street, between Montgomery and Sansome. This is the building for which the great lottery paid. It presents a noble front, a finely finished interior, with library room containing over 30,000 volumes, reading room, magazine room, reference room, chess room, with a large ladies' room of remarkably costly and tasteful furnishing. The hall in the basement, has already been noticed. Ogden Hoffman, President; Alfred Stebbins, Librarian.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.—South side of Post street, just below Kearny. A well-proportioned, substantially built, sensible-looking building, and so far truthfully indicative of the healthful prosperity of the excellent organization which owns and occupies it. A library of nearly 20,000 volumes, including many rare and costly scientific works, a large and well-stocked reading room, a sort of museum, including mineralogical cabinets, mechanical models, scientific apparatus and works of art, with a popular business college, occupy this valuable building. The commodious hall upon the lower floor, has been previously described.

MECHANICS' PAVILION.—Union Square, between Geary and Post streets on the south and north, and Stockton and Powell streets on the east and west. One of the largest, if not the largest, wooden buildings now standing in America, covering two and one half acres of ground; originally erected by the Mechanics' Institute Association, for the

accommodation of their biennial fairs, and found almost indispensably convenient for all grander gatherings; it has since been retained, and successively occupied by fairs, grand masquerade balls, velocipede schools and skating rinks. The most notable event occurring under its mammoth roof was the Grand Musical Festival or Gift Concert, in aid of the Mercantile Library Association, given under the lead of Madame Camilla Urso. After the approaching Mechanics' Fair, to be held this summer, the building is to be removed.

MASONIC TEMPLE.—Upon the west side of Montgomery, at the corner of Post; of peculiar and attractive architecture, imposing proportions and elegant finish, it justly ranks among the most prominent buildings of the city.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.—Montgomery street, between Pine and California. Not particularly imposing from without, but attractive from the unity, strength and beneficence of the Order which it represents. Within are a library of nearly 20,000 standard and popular volumes, a well-supplied reading-room, and a well-managed savings' bank.

Y. M. C. A.—This quartette of initials has now become so well known throughout the larger cities of the Union, that the visitor in any large city is disappointed if he does not find the local habitation of this fast-spreading bond of unity among all good men. Here, upon Sutter street, just above Kearny,

he will be agreeably disappointed to discover a large, new, stone-front building, unique in design, and most pleasing in its general effect. Within are library, reading-rooms, hall, gymnasium, and several convenient lodging-rooms. Chas. Goodall, President; H. L. Chamberlain, Librarian.

Business Buildings and Blocks.

ALTA CALIFORNIA BUILDING—On the south side of California street, between Montgomery and Kearny. Its comparatively great height, as related to its width, give it a somewhat monumental appearance, not inappropriate, however, when we remember that the whole tasteful structure stands as the monument of the enterprise, energy, perseverance and success of the oldest and largest paper published in the State. Fred. MacCrellish & Co., proprietors.

BANCROFT'S—South side of Market street, between Third and Fourth. Few business buildings upon the continent combine the colossal proportions with the graceful details of this mammoth house of the oldest and largest publishing firm upon the coast.

DONOHUE, KELLY & Co.'s BUILDING—Upon the southeast corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, deserves mention among the finest business buildings.

HARPENDING'S BLOCK—On the south side of Market street, between First and Second; the longest

and loftiest business front presented by any single business block in the city.

MURPHY, GRANT & Co's. BUILDING—Northeast corner of Bush and Sansome. A large and handsome building, as strong as iron, stone and brick can make it.

TOBIN, DIXON & DAVISSON'S BUILDING—Northwest corner of Sansome and Sutter, can hardly be omitted from the inspection of our finest business houses.

TREADWELL'S AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE—South side of Market street, opposite Front. Not lofty, but broad; not imposing, but extensive.

TUCKER'S—Northwest corner of Montgomery and Sutter. Lofty, finely-proportioned, monumental, and substantial; surmounted by a clock-tower, which has become one of the landmarks of the city. The main salesroom within is beautifully frescoed and fitted throughout with extreme elegance and at great cost.

THE WHITE HOUSE—Corner of Kearny and Post streets. An elegant new iron and brick structure, light, airy and ornamental in its general effect. Receives its name from its color, which has hitherto been an uncommon one in this city, but is daily becoming less so. Occupied chiefly by the leading dry goods firm of J. W. Davidson & Co.

WELLS, FARGO & Co's. BUILDING—Corner of California and Montgomery streets. Who does not

know it? Solid granite blocks, dressed in China, brought hither in ships, and piled in stern simplicity upon that central corner to outstand all earthquake shocks, and survive all business wrecks. A pioneer building which has already become far too small for its immense business, but ought never to be taken down until the whole city goes with it.

Manufactories.

KIMBALL CAR AND CARRIAGE FACTORY.—Corner of Bryant and Fourth streets. Eastern visitors call this the largest establishment of the kind in America. In immense extent, convenient arrangement, and comprehensiveness of scope, it can hardly be surpassed. Its latest triumph is the construction of a magnificent Palace Car, built wholly of California woods, undisguised by paint, carving, gilding, or varnish—the most complete and superb palace on wheels ever built. Thirty-five different woods enter into its construction, displaying a variety of structure and a range of harmonious tints hardly imaginable by those who have seen only the poor imitations of feeble art. The car is a triumph of taste and skill, and is worth a half-day's time of any tourist simply to study and enjoy it. It has been proposed that the merchants of this city buy it, and present it to the President of the United States—to *the office*, not the *incumbent*—to be kept at Washington, and used as the official car for all

Presidential tours. A better idea could hardly be suggested. May the motion prevail !

THE PACIFIC ROLLING MILLS stand upon the point of the Potrero. They include all the massive machinery of their ponderous business, and turn out heavy castings, forgings, and railroad iron by hundreds of tons daily.

THE MISSION WOOLEN MILLS—Folsom street, corner of Sixteenth. Here are made those wonderful blankets of such marvelous fineness and thickness, which have attracted so much attention, and received even the World's Fair premium abroad.

Foundries and Iron Works.

UNION IRON WORKS.—The oldest and largest in California, employing three hundred and thirty men, and turning out the heaviest and most perfect mining and railroad machinery, locomotives, etc. Located on the northeast corner of Mission and First streets. H. J. Booth & Co.

RISDON IRON AND LOCOMOTIVE WORKS, southeast corner of Howard and Beale streets. Has all the latest mechanical improvements of the business. Can turn out a shaft forty-eight feet long, and weighing thirty tons. It employs two hundred and seventy-five hands. John N. Risdon, president.

The Fulton, Miners', and Pacific Foundries, with the Etna and Vulcan Iron Works, are the other leading ones of the coast.

Shot Tower and Lead Works.

Corner of Howard and First streets. The pioneer and, thus far, the only works upon the coast. The tower is one of the most prominent and sightly objects visible in all the water approaches to the city.

Sugar Refineries.

The city has four: The San Francisco and Pacific, Bay, California, and Golden Gate, turning out twenty thousand tons of sugar annually.

Ship Yards.

At North Beach and at the Potrero are the principal yards. They build mainly river steamers or ferry boats, or smaller ocean craft, rarely constructing anything above three hundred tons. For larger craft it is cheaper to go north, where immense forests of the finest ship-timber run clear down to the ocean beach, and stand asking to be built into ships.

Glass Works.

Two: one in the city, on the south side of Townsend, between Third and Fourth; and the other, the Pacific Glass works, on the Potrero, at the corner of Iowa and Mariposa streets. These confine their works chiefly to bottles, telegraph caps, etc.

Churches.

BAPTIST.—This prominent denomination has six

church buildings in the city. The First Baptist Church claims special space from the fact that it was the first Protestant house of worship dedicated in California. This was in August, 1849. The present building of stuccoed brick, occupies the original site of the first small, wooden pioneer church—on the north side of Washington street, between Stockton and Dupont. Rev. A. R. Medbury, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL. — This denomination has the honor of having furnished the first settled Protestant chaplain in San Francisco, Rev. T. Dwight Hunt. He held the rare position of "Citizens' Chaplain," Nov. 1st, 1848, conducting Divine worship every Sunday in the "Public Institute," (the school-house) on Portsmouth Square—the Plaza. The citizens unitedly invited him from Honolulu, and paid him \$2,500 a year. The denomination has four church buildings—named by their order of erection. The First Congregational Church is on the southwest corner of California and Dupont streets. The pastor is Rev. Dr. Stone, formerly of the Park street church, Boston.

EPISCOPAL.—This denomination has five church buildings, of which Grace Church, corner of California and Stockton streets, is the oldest and largest. The building is 135 feet long, 62 feet wide and 66 feet high. Its great size and slight location make it one of the prominent buildings in any

general view of the city. Rev. James S. Bush, Rector. The four other Episcopal church buildings are—Trinity, St. John's, Church of the Advent, and St. Luke's.

HEBREW. — Synagogue of the Congregation Emanu-el, Sutter street, between Stockton and Powell. Of the five Jewish congregations, this has "The Synagogue" par excellence—the one always meant when one speaks of "The Jewish Synagogue." It is an elegant and costly structure, built of brick, not yet stuccoed, supporting two prominent towers, and finished within in most appropriate and artistic style. Total cost, including lot, \$185,000, gold coin.

METHODIST.—This popular, powerful and rapidly growing denomination has already erected eleven church buildings in San Francisco—more than any other Protestant Church, except the Presbyterians. Its newest and most elegant church is the First Methodist Episcopal Church, on the west side of Powell, between Washington and Jackson. This is one of the most elegant and really artistic churches, within and without, any where to be found. Rev. Dr. Cox, Pastor.

HOWARD STREET M. E. CHURCH.—South side of Howard, between Second and Third. This is the most substantial and valuable building owned by the denomination. Value, including lot and par-

sonage, \$100,000. Its style is medieval gothic. Pastor, Rev. L. Walker.

PRESBYTERIAN.—This recently united denomination, no longer old and new school, has also eleven church buildings; of these the two most noted are the Calvary Presbyterian Church, corner of Geary and Powell streets. This church is as capacious and comfortable, even luxurious within, as the most fastidious could desire. Its organ is the largest and finest on the coast. Rev. J. Hemphill, Pastor.

Howard Presbyterian Church, Mission street, near Third; lately, Rev. Dr. Scudder's. This building, with a plain and unpretentious exterior, has greater seating capacity than any other Protestant church in the city. It is of recent construction and very convenient internal arrangements. Temporary pastor, Rev. J. K. Kendall.

First Presbyterian Church—On the west side of Stockton, between Washington and Clay. This gothic building is one of the largest and finest—but its chief claim to notice here, rests upon the fact that the church which built it, organized May 20th, 1849, under the direction of the Rev. Albert Williams, was the first Protestant church organized in San Francisco.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—St. Patrick's Church, on the north side of Mission, between Third and Fourth streets. Although so new that it is not yet fin-

ished, this church is set first, because it is the largest in the State, being one hundred and sixty feet long by eighty feet wide. Its spire is the loftiest and most beautifully proportioned in the city, height 240 feet. Rev. Peter J. Grey, Pastor.

St. Mary's Cathedral, California street, at the northeast corner of Dupont. In age, cost and rank this building is entitled to the first place. It is a noble structure of Gothic architecture, which has been carried out in every detail. The front extends seventy-five feet on California street, from which the cathedral runs back one hundred and thirty-one feet on Dupont. The tower is at present one hundred and thirty-five feet high, and is to be surmounted by a spire rising sixty-five feet further. The Most Rev. Joseph S. Alemany is the Archbishop.

Old Mission Church, on the southwest corner of Sixteenth and Dolores streets. This was dedicated Oct. 9, 1776, by Father Junipero Serra, the father of the California missions. Aside from its age and associations, the building is of little note. It is built of the old adobes, which were simply unburnt bricks dried in the sun, and formed a favorite building material with the early Spanish and Mexican inhabitants. The old custom-house, on Portsmouth square, was built of this material. The roof was covered with semi-cylindrical tiles of burnt clay, laid in alternate rows, the first one having the con-

cave side up, and the next its convex side up. The outside, generally, is very plain, though the front shows some old-fashioned round columns, and a few small bells suspended in square apertures under the projecting roof. The interior is dark, cold and comfortless. Rev. Thos. Cushing, Pastor.

Besides the three churches already named, the Catholics have nine others in the city, in addition to five or six chapels and asylums.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—First New Jerusalem Church. This is a very neat Gothic building, on the north side of O'Farrell, between Mason and Taylor streets. Rev. John Doughty, Pastor.

A second New Jerusalem Church, of which Rev. Joseph Worcester is pastor, having yet erected no building, meets in the Druids' Hall, No. 413 Sutter street.

UNITARIAN.—First Unitarian Church. This most beautiful church edifice stands upon the south side of Geary street, just below Stockton. Its front presents, unquestionably, the finest specimen of church architecture in the State, and can hardly be surpassed in America. The interior is tastefully decorated with a colored fresco of extreme beauty, and most artistic harmony of tint. The organ, baptismal font, and the pulpit, perpetuate the unique taste of the lamented pastor, whose loved name the public mind cannot dissociate from the beautiful

building, which, always known as “Starr King’s” church, has become his fitting monument.

This is the only church building of this denomination in the city or the State.

CHINESE MISSION HOUSE.—This is a combination church and school-house, new, neat and commodious, fifty-six feet by seventy feet, and three stories high. Adjoining school-rooms, readily thrown into one, rooms for the Superintendent, Rev. Mr. Gibson and family, and for his assistant, Rev. Hu Sing Me, the native preacher, and his family, occupy the various floors. School “keeps” every evening in the week, except Saturday and Sunday. Bible class at half-past ten every Sunday morning, and Sunday school at seven P. M.

The entire property belongs to the Methodist Church, who maintain it as a most efficient home mission.

The Mariner’s Church, northeast corner of Sacramento and Drumm streets. It is a neat and commodious wooden building, erected in 1867, by contributions from merchants and other citizens of San Francisco. Rev. J. Rowell, Pastor.

Hospitals and Asylums.

CITY AND COUNTY HOSPITAL.—Stands upon the southwest corner of Stockton and Francisco streets.

FRENCH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—Has one of the finest hospitals of the State, a large and handsome

brick building, surrounded with pleasant gardens and ornamented grounds, occupying the whole block on the south side of Bryant, between Fifth and Sixth, making a most agreeable and healthful home for the invalid. Others besides French may receive its benefits, by assuming membership and paying its moderate dues.

GERMAN GENERAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—Admits only Germans. It has over eighteen hundred members. On Brannan street, near Third, this society has a very large two-story brick building with basement—furnished with every form of bath, and looking out upon fine gardens and shrubbery.

PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM.—On the West side of Laguna street, between Haight and Waller. A large and elegant building of brick and stone—one of the ornamental landmarks of that part of the city. It accommodates two hundred and fifty little ones. Mrs. Ira P. Rankin, President; Mrs. Lucy Stewart, Matron.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM.—Market street, south side, between New Montgomery and Third. A noble and capacious brick building accommodating three hundred and twenty children, and having a school of five hundred and fifty day scholars attached. The Asylum is under the sole management of Archbishop Alemany and the Sisters of Charity.

SAN FRANCISCO FEMALE HOSPITAL.—Corner of Clay

street and Prospect Place. Any woman who is sick and poor, has a right to its benefits. It is a genuine charity, regarding neither nativity, religion nor social rank. Mrs. M. R. Roberts, President; Dr. C. T. Deane, Physician.

LADIES' PROTECTION AND RELIEF SOCIETY.—Franklin street, between Post and Geary. The main object of the society is to furnish a real *Home* for friendless or destitute girls, between three and fourteen years old. Boys, under ten and over three, may be received and provided for until furnished with a permanent home in a christian family. It has over two hundred inmates, nearly all girls. Miss C. A. Harmon, Matron.

Nearly a hundred other public and private benevolent societies attempt to make up, as well as possible, the lack of friends and homes, always so severely felt by strangers or temporary residents in any large city, and especially so in one of as cosmopolitan a character as ours.

Colleges.

Besides the larger public schools, which are really the peoples' colleges—the city has sixty-five colleges and private schools. The number of pupils attending them in 1870 was 4,582, against 21,000 in the public schools.

CITY COLLEGE.—Southeast corner of Stockton and Geary streets. This institution has built and

furnished an elegant French Gothic building at University Mound, some three miles southwest of the city, which it will occupy early in '72. Besides the usual studies, this college especially provides the best facilities for obtaining a thorough practical knowledge of Chemistry, in all its applications to assaying, mining, medical manufactures and mechanics. Rev. Dr. Veeder, President.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.—College Building, Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny. Its design is to educate boys and young men, with a special view to practical business. It is one of the famous thirty-six Bryant and Stratton Business Colleges, located in the leading cities of the United States and Canada. Students, two hundred and fifty. E. P. Heald, President.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE.—Occupies the noble brick building on the south side of Market street, between Fourth and Fifth. It is largely attended, and is successfully conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.—On the old county road to San José, four and a half miles southwest of the city. Building, two hundred and eighty feet front, by fifty feet deep—of excellent proportion and fine appearance. Conducted by the Christian Brothers. B. Justin, President.

TOLAND MEDICAL COLLEGE.—East side of Stockton street, between Chestnut and Francisco. The

building is of brick, capacious, commodious, finely located and admirably adapted to the purpose of its construction. H. H. Toland, M. D., President.

Public School Buildings.

LINCOLN.—Fifth street—south side, near Market. Brick structure, four stories high, $141\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, $63\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide; 20 class-rooms 129×34 feet, besides eight wardrobes and teachers' rooms—wide halls, and four broad stairways the whole height, with a large hall in the upper story. It accommodates twelve hundred grammar grade pupils, all boys. In front stands a finely modeled statue of Abraham Lincoln for whom the building was named. Cost, \$100,000, gold coin. B. Marks, Principal.

DENMAN.—Bush street, north side, corner of Taylor. Brick stuccoed; length, $98\frac{1}{4}$ feet; width, 68 feet; height, four stories, including attic rooms. Fourteen class-rooms, each 28×34 , accommodating eight hundred pupils, all girls. Cost, \$78,000, gold. This building was named in honor of James Denman, one of the pioneer public school teachers of the city—the founder of this school and for many years, as at present, its principal. Few cities in the Union can show school buildings as elegant, convenient, substantial and costly as these two noble monuments of public appreciation of, and liberality towards, the system which must underlie and sustain our free government if it is to stand at all.

TEHAMA.—Tehama street, near First. Brick, undisguised; 111 feet long, 75 feet deep, three stories high, besides spacious basement play-rooms—has sixteen class-rooms, each 24x31, hall, 41x49, with ample stairings, and convenient teacher's-rooms and ample yards. Cost, \$28,300, gold. It accommodates one thousand primary pupils of both sexes. Mrs. E. A. Wood, Principal.

Besides these, the city has several large and fine wooden school-houses of modern structure. Of these the most sightly, is the Girls' High School, south side of Bush street, near Stockton—57x92, three stories, ten class-rooms, 27x34, with an assembly hall, 54x55; whose length can be increased to 90 feet, by opening folding doors between it and two adjoining class-rooms. It is the most conveniently arranged, best ventilated, sunniest, most cheerful and healthful school-house in the State. Ellis H. Holmes, Principal. To these the Department has recently added, and is now adding, four or five 18 class-room buildings, of wood, each accommodating one thousand pupils, now occupying the old and small school-rooms of early days or hived in unsuitable rented rooms.

Bancroft's Book and Stationery Establishment.

It may appear like exaggeration to say that San Francisco contains the largest and most complete general Book and Stationery, mercantile and manu-

facturing business in the world. Yet, such is the fact. Not that the business, by any means, equals that of Harpers' and Appletons', of New York, Hachette of Paris, or the stationers of London. But, between these houses and Bancroft's, there is no comparison. The character of their trade is totally different. One publishes books, another manufactures paper, and so each is large in one thing, whereas the Bancrofts, collecting from the manufacturers of all the world, and manufacturing according to the requirements of their trade, cover under one management the ground occupied by all others combined. In older and larger cities, one house deals in law books alone; another, school books, etc., while this San Francisco house—besides a full stock of books in every department of literature, and stationery from the manufacturers of Europe and America, paper from the mills of New England, pencils from Germany, pen-holders from Paris—unite Printing, Book-binding, Lithography, Blank-Book Making, Engraving, &c., every thing, in short, comprised in all the business of all the others.

The detail is necessarily very great. They buy from a thousand sellers, and sell to many thousand buyers. Over one hundred employés, divided into nine departments, each under an experienced manager, ply their vocation like bees in a hive of six rooms, each 37 by 170 feet. To the latest improve-

ments of the finest machinery, driven by steam, apply the highest order of skilled labor, and San Francisco can do anything as well and as cheaply as New York, London or Paris.

The retail department, occupying the first floor, has the most magnificent salesroom on the Pacific coast. Visitors are warmly welcomed, and strangers politely shown through the premises.

Private Residences.

For the convenience of the tourist, who may want to see the homes of our city as well as her public buildings and business blocks, we mention the locality of the following, which are among the finest of our private dwellings: Erwin Davis, southwest corner of California and Powell streets; Milton S. Latham, Folsom street, opposite Hawthorne, on Rincon Hill; D. J. Tallant, corner of Bush and Jones street; Richard Tobin, corner of California and Taylor streets; John Parrott, 620 Folsom street. By making two trips—first, over California street, and returning by Sutter or Bush street; second, over Rincon Hill on Folsom street, and returning by Harrison, the visitor may see the finest of our private residences.

Points of Observation.

TELEGRAPH HILL.—This notable natural landmark stands at the head, that is, at the north end of

Montgomery street. The early settlement, the pioneer hamlet from which the present city has grown, was made in the hollow near the southwest foot. Civilization has encircled it on the land side, and crept two thirds the way up, while commerce has claimed the water front along its opposite base—but the summit still stands as free as when the priestly fathers first looked thence upon the glorious inland sea, which flashes between it and the sunrise. Let us climb it—this way, straight up the Montgomery street sidewalk, Slowly, please; we have the day before us; exhausted lungs impair one's sight. Stop at the corner of each intersecting street, and glance either way, but especially eastward—that is, downward toward the Bay. Now, "Excelsior," again; up these stairs; now along this natural surface—no asphaltum walks or Stow foundation pavements up here yet, you see—on, by these houses; turn to the left here; now to the right, follow this winding way; patiently please—that's it; only two or three minutes more—ah! here it is—this is the highest point, where the old observatory stood. Sit and breathe a moment; slip on your overcoat, or put that extra shawl about you; it's easy to take cold here, far easier than to rid yourself of it in the city below.

For the sake of method in our survey, we may as well begin at the northwest; thence "swing round the circle," through north, east, south and west,

and return to the point of starting. Looking northwesterly, then, we have first the elevated, undulating plateau, which stretches along the flattened summits of the northermost spur of the broad peninsular hills, and terminates in the precipitous bluff known as Fort Point—the southern gate-post of the far-famed Golden Gate. Through this we gaze seaward along the further margin of the strait, where it sends in a surging cove upon the rocky beach, between Point Diablo and Point Bonita. The projection of the latter point shuts off the vision, which else might range up the northwesterly trend of the coast, along the ocean-shore of Marin county to Punta de los Reyes, (King's Point) which projects southward between Bolinas bay and the ocean. Between Point Diablo and Lime Point, a slight northerly curve in the shore line makes a shallow cove, from whose edge the vision climbs the successive hills or ridges which fill the ascending space as it roughly rises toward the crowning point of Marin county, Mount Tamalpais, two thousand six hundred and four feet nearer heaven than the beach line whence we set forth. Still following round, we look up into Richardson's Bay; next the southwestern end of Raccoon Strait, and then Angel Island. We are now looking north. Alcatraz, the rocky island which nature set just there to support a commanding fortress; then, an eyesweep up over the northern part of San Francisco

Bay to that narrow strait which joins it with San Pablo Bay; northeast the San Pablo shore of Contra Costa county, and the hills which terminate the Mount Diablo peninsular range. Nearer east, the strangely monotonous hills, whose ridges and gullies look as if plowed out by heavy rains, and rounded by sweeping winds. Grassy or earthy, they look, according to the time of year and kind of season. Now, almost east, the vision falls. This large island, off in the midst of the bay, is Yerba Buena, or Goat Island. It rises three hundred and forty feet above low water mark. Nearly in a line over the island appears Berkeley, the site of the University of California, of which one large building, already two thirds raised, you may possibly discern. A little further south—that is, to the right, you can plainly see the State Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind. This noble building crowns a gently-sloping eminence just at the margin between the broad and nearly level plain which stretches between it and the bay, and the foothills back of which the Contra Costa mountains bring up the rear.

Almost due east lies Oakland, the 'tree-city of the beautiful grove-dotted plain. Then Clinton, San Antonio, Brooklyn and Alameda, snuggled in together so closely that one can't tell "which is which;" and, as far as the beauty of the view is concerned, it doesn't matter either, for they are all

fair to look upon and lovely to behold. The clustering trees shut out by far the larger portion of the houses, so that we might hardly suspect the size and population of the towns, whose scattered roofs show here and there among the trees.

We are looking southeasterly now. That creek, whose mouth you see just beyond Alameda, leads into San Leandro bay; and right over it, nearly hidden by intervening trees, lies the town of the same name. A little further south, and too distant to be plainly seen, is Hayward's. That depression in the mountain summits beyond, marks the opening of Livermore pass, through which the Western Pacific Railroad finds its way.

Beyond Hayward's, further south, and thence sweeping around to the right, toward the extreme end of the bay, we dimly discern the northern end of the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, where it widens out and flattens down to the bay. We are now looking almost due south. Only four miles down, Hunter's Point shuts off our further view, and compels us to look nearer home. A trifle west of that, and half as far away, the Potrero presents its transverse ridge, fast disappearing under the rapidly-growing city, and showing a gap of daylight where the deep cut of the Bay View horse railroad was relentlessly dug and blasted through, in its stubborn pursuit of a practicable grade. Between the cut and ourselves, the Long Bridge shuts off the Mis-

sion bay, and shows where the fast-filling mud-flats will soon crowd back the bay, and make a new water front. Still nearer, we have the western slope or ridge of Rincon Hill, rising gradually to the left, and packed all over with the huddled and mostly wooden houses of the new and hurriedly-built city. Along the inner base of the hill, and stretching out westward, lies the old "Happy Valley." That's just this side of where you see the shot-tower, and runs thence four or five blocks to the right. Between that and ourselves, coming over this side of Market street, we have the oldest and most densely-built part of the city, relieved here and there—by the Occidental Hotel, Tucker's tower, the Merchants' Exchange, Murphy, Grant & Co's. building, and half a dozen others. Now let the vision range away southwest, again beginning at the hills and coming in. The bounding hills are Bernal Heights, west of which Fairmount and the adjacent hills merge into the peninsular range, and form a rude amphitheatre, within which nestles the fast-growing southwestern precinct. Coming up toward the west, the twin summits of the Mission peaks slant the vision up against the sky, or plunge it into the fleecy billows of in-rolling ocean fog, which seldom survives the warmer air of the inner basin long enough to roll far down their western slope. Between them and us lies the Mission Dolores, grouped around its century-old

church. Northward of the twin-peaks the hills rise in "promiscuous prominence." A little south of west, that irregularly conical hill, surmounted by a gigantic solitary cross, is the famous "Lone Mountain," about whose lower slopes, and around whose base are grouped so many "cities of the dead." Thence northerly, to the point whence our survey began, little of note arrests the sight, more than the broad reach of lower hills and sandy dunes, which patiently wait the coming occupation of the westward-growing city.

Although the point beneath our feet is but three hundred feet high, the panoramic view is wider and freer than from any other, even the highest hilltop of the city.

RUSSIAN HILL.—About one mile west-southwest from Telegraph Hill, on Vallejo street, between Taylor and Jones street, Russian Hill rises nearly sixty feet higher, but offers little additional prospect. It was formerly surmounted by a sort of cork-screw observatory, a skeleton structure of open frame-work, surrounded by a spiral stairway, whose summit afforded the loftiest lookout within the city limits. West-northwest of this hill, and about three-quarters of a mile from its summit, lies the small lagoon, near which the founders of the early mission first located.

CLAY STREET HILL.—Nearly south of Russian Hill, and about three furlongs from it, rises this

hill, the highest within the city limits. It is named from the street which runs just south of its summit, or will do so when cut through. The hill is 376 feet high, and is a little over a mile southwest of Telegraph Hill. The view from its summit differs only in having moved the point of sight a mile southwest, and raised it about 80 feet.

CALIFORNIA STREET HILL—This, too, takes its name from that of the neighboring street. It is hardly proper to call it a separate hill as it is but two blocks south of Clay Street Hill, from which only a slight hollow originally separated it.

RINCON HILL.—Three quarters of a mile southwest of the City Hall. Its highest point reaches hardly a hundred feet above the bay level. The whole hill originally offered such sightly locations for building that it is covered on nearly all sides, and crowded upon its very height, by some of the most comfortable and home-like residences in the entire city. This fact makes it almost impossible to get an unobstructed view, in all directions, from any part of it. It was a favorite, and almost an aristocratic site for residences, until the heartless greed for gain procured legal authority to excavate the famous "Second Street Cut;" 75 feet deep, which needlessly ruined the beauty of the hill.

LONE MOUNTAIN.—This singularly symmetrical hill stands two and one-half miles west of the City Hall, at the head of Bush street. It is $284\frac{1}{2}$ feet

high. From its summit rises a solitary cross which, especially near sunset, stands forth against the western sky with peculiar, beautiful effect. The view hence is full of inspiration and suggestion. None have caught more of these, or embodied them in finer words than Bret Harte, in his favorite lines:

As I stand by the cross on the lone mountain crest,
Looking over the ultimate sea,
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the lea;
One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track,
With pennant and sheet flowing free,
One hides in the shadow with sails laid aback—
The ship that is waiting for me!

But lo, in the distance the clouds break away,
The Gate's glowing portal I see,
And I hear, from the out-going ship in the bay,
The song of the sailors in glee;
So I think of the luminous foot-prints that bore
The comfort o'er dark Galilee,
And wait for the signal to go to the shore;
To the ship that is waiting for me.

MISSION PEAKS.—The double peaks already mentioned in our panoramic eye-sweep from Telegraph Hill, lying three miles southwest of it, sometimes called the Twin Peaks. They are five hundred and ten feet high, and stand four miles southwest of the City Hall. They are the loftiest points in the county; either summit commands a view which

well repays the time and labor expended in gaining it.

BERNAL HEIGHTS.—This name designates a short range of hills nearly five miles west-southwest of the City Hall. Starting near the bay, they run transversely, that is, westerly, for about one mile across the peninsula. Their highest point is two hundred and ninety-five feet above the bay.

The highest point of the Potrero is three hundred and twenty-six feet above low tide, and the San Miguel Hills, near the southerly line of the county, reach the height of about four hundred feet. The Pacific Heights, near Alta Plaza, a mile and a half west of the City Hall, are three hundred and seventy-five feet high.

These are all the natural elevations of note within the city and county. The best artificial outlooks may be had from the roof of the houses standing on or near the summits of those hills which rise within the settled portion. The roof of Bancroft's building, the cupola of the Grand Hotel, the U.S. Military Observatory, on the southwest corner of Third and Market streets, and the Shot Tower, if you can persuade Mayor Selby to let you up, all afford extensive and beautiful prospects.

Having thus told the tourist all we know about the most feasible and temperate methods of "getting high," we leave him to his own direction, only adding that if he isn't satisfied with our efforts in his

behalf, he'd better go "up in a balloon," and view our city as the Germans did Paris.

How to get about.

The universal, inexpensive, always-ready and democratic way is by the ever-present Horse Cars. Seven different companies have laid about fifty miles of rail in and about the city, and carry one either directly to or within a very short distance of any desired point.

LINES, ROUTES AND COLORS.—The Omnibus and North Beach and Mission R.R. Companies run yellow cars through Third and Fourth, Sansome, Montgomery and Kearney, the central blocks of Stockton, and the northern ends of Powell and Mason. They also run red cars from the centre of the city to the southwestern limits, through Howard and Folsom streets.

The Central R.R. Co. runs red cars from the steamboat landings along the city front, through Jackson, Sansome, Bush, and other leading streets to Lone Mountain. Their cars are commonly called the Lone Mountain cars.

The Front Street and Ocean R.R. Co. runs green cars from the steamboat landings at the foot of Broadway, up that street, along Battery, Market, Sutter and Polk streets, by Spring Valley to the Presidio, whence 'busses connect for Fort Point. A branch of this road runs through Larkin street

across Market through Ninth to Mission; thus connecting the western with the southwestern suburbs. Within the year this company has also constructed and put into operation another branch, carrying one to Laurel Hill Cemetery and Lone Mountain.

The Market Street R.R., the pioneer, runs blue cars from the junction of Montgomery and Market street, opposite the Grand Hotel, through Market by the San José Depot, and out Valencia to Twenty-sixth. From the junction of Ninth and Larkin street with Market, it sends a branch out through Hayes Valley to Hayes Valley Pavilion.

The City R. R.—Lately built, and newly stocked, runs from the west front of Grand Hotel, at the junction of Market and New Montgomery, along the latter to Mission, thence out Mission to Twenty-Sixth, passing directly by the entrance to Woodward's Gardens, and within one block of the San José depot.

The Potrero and Bay View R. R.—Connecting with the North Beach and Mission R. R., at the south end of Fourth street, runs thence across the Long Bridge over Mission Bay—through the Potrero Deep Cut, over the Islais Creek bridge, through South San Francisco to the Bay View Race Track terminus, within half a mile of Hunter's Point and the Dry Dock.

TIMES, FARES, ETC.—Commencing at about 6 p. m., in summer earlier, the cars run at various in-

tervals of from three to seven minutes until 11 and 12 o'clock p. m., and on the City R. R., till 1.30 the next morning. Nearly all the roads sell tickets, having four coupons attached, for twenty-five cents each. Every coupon is good for one fare from one end of the city to the other, and the coupon tickets of one company are received by every other. For single fares, paid without coupons, they usually charge ten cents. Nearly a year ago the City R. R. started the half-dime fare, asking but five cents for a single ride, and the Market street R. R. has also adopted it. "Children occupying seats, full fare."

Several of the companies issue transfer checks entitling the passenger to continue his ride upon any intersecting line without extra charge.

HACKS AND COACHES.—For the benefit of those who have occasion to engage any of the above, for the transient service of any excursion lying outside of the regular routes, or beyond the legal limits within which the fixed fare obtains, we subjoin the following legal regulations also contained in the order and section already quoted on a previous page:

"For a hackney carriage, drawn by more than one horse, for four or less persons, when engaged by the hour, to be computed for the time occupied in going and returning, including detention, \$3 for the first hour, and \$2 for each subsequent hour.

“For a hackney carriage, drawn by one horse, for two persons, when engaged by the hour, to be occupied in going and returning, including detentions, \$1 50 for the first hour, and \$1 for each subsequent hour.”

It is hardly necessary to remark, yet it may prevent misunderstanding to add, that the above rates pay for the service of the *whole* carriage, and may be equitably divided among the occupants as they agree.

LIVERY SERVICE.—The livery stables of the city are numerous, and well-stocked with animals of blood and speed, and every form of two or four-wheeled vehicles from the substantial, three-seated thorough-braced wagon to the elegant or fancy single buggy or sulky. The usual rates, at all first class stables, are five dollars a day, or a drive, for a single team, and ten dollars for a double one. For a very short trip, and a very short time, they frequently abate something, and when a team is engaged for several days or weeks at once, commonly make the rate lower. For saddle horses the price is usually one half that of a single team, that is \$2 50 for a day or drive—subject to similar reductions as above.

ON FOOT.—If you have the nerve and muscle of a man, and are not sadly out of training, by all means walk through or about the city and around its suburbs. In several places, as, in climbing Tele-

graph or any other hill, you will have to walk, and then you can. Even our lady visitors might profitably emulate the pedestrian performances of their English sisters. Provide good easy, wide-bottomed, low-heeled walking-shoes, boots or gaiters, and take the beautiful, windless and dustless morning hours for it and, unless your taste is fashionably perverted or your physical energy hopelessly exhausted, you will find it most delightful. Among the Scottish Highlands, or in the Swiss Alps, you would certainly do it, endure it, enjoy it, and subsequently boast of it; why not try it here?

Suburbs and Vicinity.

We suppose the visitor to have fairly rested—to have walked about a little through the more central portion; to have somewhat studied the general plan of the city, in view of the larger or shorter time which he has to spend in the city, to have made up his mind how much he will see, and what it shall be. By way of helping his planning and sight-seeing, we now catalogue and briefly remark upon the more notable points, taken in regular order from the most central starting point. We offer the following pages as helpful suggestions to those who cannot avail themselves of the personal guidance of some resident friend, who can constantly accompany them to direct their route, and verbally explain the details which these printed

pages attempt. If one has not time, or does not wish to see anything here set down, he can easily omit it, and from the remainder select whatever he may chose, transposing, combining, modifying and adapting according to his own good pleasure.

GENERAL CIRCUIT OF THE CITY.

Commencing at the foot of Market street, thence southward, along or over the water front, continuing around the entire city and returning to the point of starting. Also mentioning more distant points visible to the spectator looking beyond the suburbs:

The Lumber Yards, Wharves and Merchant Fleet, first attract our notice. Millions of feet of boards, plank and timber from the northern coast of this State and from Oregon, ranged in immense piles on broad and deep piers—alongside of which the schooners, brigs and barks of the lumber fleet are constantly discharging.

Thence along Stewart or East street, the latter being nearer the water, by large lumber-yards, boat-shops, blacksmithing and ship-chandling establishments, we reach the California and Oregon S. S. Co's wharves and slips. The Folsom street cars run within five short blocks; nearer than any others.

Black Diamond Coal Company's Pier.—Barges, sheds and piles of coal, straight from the bowels of

Mount Diablo, corner Spear and Harrison streets, P. B. Cornwall, agent.

Rincon Point, foot of Harrison street. The wharves and filling have quite obliterated the old shore line, which originally turning a short corner here, received the name "Rincon," which, in Spanish, means simply a corner.

U. S. Marine Hospital, northwest corner of Harrison and Spear.

P. M. S. S. Co.'s Piers, Docks, Sheds and Slips. Waterfront, foot of Brannan and Townsend streets. Piers having a total front of 1200 feet, shed 600 feet long by 250 wide. Steamships over five thousand tons register and docks built especially for them. Capt. W. B. Cox, Superintendent.

Gas Works, corner of King and Second. The other works of the same company, the San Francisco Gas Co., are on Howard street, from First to Beale.

C. P. R. R. Co.'s Freight Pier, Depot and Boat. Foot of Second street.

Mission Bay. Foot of Second and Third streets. The broad cove lying between South street and Potrero; now fast filling in, especially beyond, that is, south of the Long Bridge.

Mission Rock.—Off the foot of Third street. Has a shanty on it. Used for fishing.

U. S. Ship Anchorage.—Between foot of Third and the Mission Rock, and within a quarter-mile

radius of the latter. U. S. Revenue Cutters and Coast Survey vessels, chiefly occupy it.

Steamboat Reserves.—In the docks between Third and Fourth and the adjacent ones along the south side of the bridge.

Long Bridge.—From the foot of Fourth street, across Mission Bay to Potrero—one mile. Will become Kentucky street, when the filling-in makes a street of what is now a bridge.

Yacht Club Building.—East side of Long Bridge, one third across. Yachts at moorings near.

Potrero.—The point at the south end of Long Bridge. Spanish for pasture ground. Originally a rocky ridge. Fast disappearing under houses.

Glass Works.—Pacific Glass Works, corner Iowa and Mariposa streets, four blocks west of bridge.

Pacific Rolling Mill.—Potrero Point, water front, east of bridge.

Deep Cut, is really Kentucky street, brought down somewhere near the future grade, by cutting through the solid rock, to an average depth of 75 feet for nearly a fifth of a mile.

Rope Walk runs under Kentucky street, near the north end of the Islais Creek Bridge, which is the same street continued across Islais Creek, now a solidly planked bridge, seven eighths of a mile long.

Italian Fishing Fleet and Flakes, on the right of the bridge, along the cove-beach just beyond the rope-walk. Their Mongolian competitors have their boats and beach a little further south.

South San Francisco is the rising land or ridge south of Islais Creek. It is a pleasant suburb, rapidly growing.

Catholic Orphan Asylum, that large, new wooden building fronting on Connecticut street, nine blocks west of the bridge.

Hunter's Point is the east end of South San Francisco, a rocky point in which the Dry Dock, dug out of the solid rock, four hundred and twenty-one feet long, one hundred and twenty feet wide at the top, and sixty feet wide at the bottom, which is twenty-two feet below mean high water. With the Floating Dock, near by, it cost two millions of dollars.

Bay View Race Track, near Railroad Avenue, a mile southwest of Islais Bridge. One mile around; broad, smooth and hard. Bay View House at north margin, near west end.

Visitation Point and Valley, three quarters of a mile beyond the race course; worth driving out to see, if you have plenty of time.

San Bruno Road unites with this railroad avenue about half a mile beyond the race course; brings one back near

New Butchertown, corner of Islais Creek Canal and Kentucky street.

Drive back this old San Bruno Road, until you come to Twenty-sixth street; along that to Mission; down Mission to Seventeenth, out which you may

drive until you find your way winding and climbing up and over the east slopes of the peninsular hills along the Ocean House Road, a broad, hard track, leading over the hills to the house which names it. Opposite Twenty-fourth street is the toll gate, where you pay twelve and a half, or twenty-five cents, according to your team. A mile beyond, a side gate, free, admits you to a carriage-way through the fields, leading down, three quarters of a mile, to Lake Honda, the huge double-reservoir of sloping-sided masonry, covered with cement, and holding thirty-five million gallons. This well merits a visit. The City Almshouse stands on the hill, half a mile south of the lake.

The Small-pox Hospital is the small building standing alone on the hill, a third of a mile north of the Almshouse.

Returning to, and resuming the main road, a mile southwesterly and then westerly, brings us to the Ocean Race Course, securely enclosed, and having the usual circuit and surface.

Opposite this, and half a mile south lies Lake Merced, three quarters of a mile long by a fifth of a mile wide. That part of it nearer to, and parallel with the road, is a smaller, nearly separate lake called simply "the Lagoon."

Ocean House, on a slight sandy knoll, half a mile northwest of Lake Merced.

Pacific Beach.—This is the sandy shore of the

“ultimate sea,” stretching almost exactly north two miles to the base of the cliff, up which a well-built road carries us a score of rods northwesterly to the

Cliff House, the grand terminus, or at least way-station of all ocean drives. Its broad, covered piazza, well-furnished with easy chairs and good marine glasses, has been for years the popular observatory whence fashion languidly patronizes the Pacific, or gazes with momentary interest upon the

Seal Rocks—three hundred feet from the shore, and dotted with lubberly seals, clumsily climbing upon the lower rocks, or lazily sunning themselves above.

Farallones—Twenty-five miles seaward from the Cliff House—seven sharp-pointed islets break the monotony of the western horizon. The highest of these rises three hundred and forty feet, and has a large lighthouse of the first-class, with the finest Fresnel light on the coast.

Point Lobos, a precipitous coast bluff, a third of a mile north of the Cliff House, chiefly noted as the site of the Signal Station; provided with a fine glass and the usual outfit of a marine observatory. Thence along the beach, or the brow of the bluff, if you like climbing, by the Helmet Rock, whose shape hardly appears from the land, around the curve of the shore, whose general direction here is northeast, a full mile, to

Fort Point, where stands a doubly-strengthened

and heavily-mounted fort, yet unnamed, whose chief interest founds upon its general resemblance to the famous Fort Sumter.

Lighthouse.—The northwest angle of the fort supports a substantial tower, showing a fixed white light. From the walls of the fort, or better still, from the lighthouse balcony, we look upon and across the

Golden Gate, the connecting strait between the Pacific Ocean and San Francisco Bay. It is between three and four miles long, from one to two miles wide, and over four hundred feet deep.

Lime Point, the northern inside gate-post—the southeastern extremity of Marin county.

Point Bonita.—The outer or oceanward point of the northern shore, nearly two miles west of the fort, crowned with a lighthouse.

Mountain Lake—One mile south of the fort, and sending a little rivulet called Lobos Creek westward into the Pacific, which it helps to replenish.

Presidio—Spanish for garrison or barracks. This is nearly a mile southeast of the fort, as we return toward the city. Its main features are the extensive barracks, accommodating several hundred U. S. soldiers, who make this their point of arrival and departure in going to or coming from the different stations to which they may be ordered. Forming the parallelogram front is the parade ground, a broad, open field, gently falling toward the bay,

surrounded by the officers' quarters or the barracks, and dotted with batteries here and there.

Black Point.—The water front at the foot of Franklin and Gough streets.

Pioneer Woolen Mills—Corner of Polk and Reade streets. Office, 115 Battery street.

North Beach—From the foot of Powell street west to Black Point.

Angel Island, three and a half miles north of Black Point, across the bay.

Alcatrazes Island—A mile and a half north of North Beach, off in the bay, heavily fortified, commanding the Golden Gate.

North Point—Water front, foot of Kearny street, corner of Bay street.

Sea Wall—Water front from the foot of Union street, southward; a sloping bulkhead of rubble, faced with heavier rock, costing \$240 a linear foot, and a mile and a half long.

FERRIES.—Alameda—Corner of Davis and Pacific street. City Front Cars.

Oakland—Same dock, next slip south. City Front Cars.

Saucelito—Meiggs' Wharf, foot of Powell street. North Beach cars.

San Quentin—Davis street, near Vallejo. City Front or Sutter street cars.

Vallejo—Corner of Front and Vallejo. City Front or Sutter street cars.

HOW TO SEE SAN FRANCISCO AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Brief trips, or short excursions, requiring but a few hours each. Short skeleton tours in and about the suburbs, suggesting the most interesting points, with the walks, rides, drives or sails by which one may reach them—the time required and the best hours of the day, the amount of walking necessary, with the conveniences and cost.

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY.

I. Walk up Montgomery street to Telegraph Hill. If you don't feel like climbing clear to the top, follow the foot-path which winds around about two thirds up its east and northeast slopes. If you go to the top you can go down into—or if you take the lower path you will come round into, Lombard street. Walk down that to Powell; turn to your right and follow Powell north to the water and Meiggs' wharf, down the wharf if you want the bay breeze, and the bay sights from a lower level; come back—take the South Park cars; ride up Powell by Washington Square, up Stockton, down Washington—get out at the upper corner of the Plaza, walk diagonally across, notice the old City Hall on your left, stroll up Kearny to California or Bush, down which you descend one block to Montgomery.

II. CHINESE QUARTERS.—Sacramento street, from Kearny to Dupont, along Dupont to Pacific, down

Pacific to Stockton, to Jackson, down Jackson to Kearny; cast your eyes down the little alleyways and courts which cut up the blocks along these streets. Look at these signs! "Hop Yik, Wo Ki, Tin Yuk, Hop Wo, Chung Sun, Cheung Kuong, Hang Ki, Yang Kee, Shang Tong, Shun Wo," that last wouldn't be a bad one to go over the door of "civilized" rum-hole. "Wing On Tsiang, Wung Wo Shang, Kwong On Cheang," and scores of others. Most are personal names, some are business mottoes. They are generally phonographic, that is, you pronounce them according to their spelling. Here and there one suggests fun. For instance, "Man Li." Well, why not a Chinaman as well as a white man? Has the superior race the monopoly of lying? That sign is certainly creditable to the Chinese female; it says Man Li; not *woman* lie. Not far thence a very appropriate successor finishes the logical sequence, "Hung Hi." Certainly, why not? That's what ought to be done to any merchant who will lie. Any Man Li, should be "Hung Hi." These celestials certainly have no bad idea of the eternal fitness of things. What would happen to our Melican merchants if that rule were rigidly applied? It wouldn't be much trouble to take the next census. This is the out-door glance by daylight. If you want a more thorough exploration by day or by night, call on special officer Duffield, (George

W.) at 1,107 Montgomery street, who knows their haunts and ways, and can show you all you'll care to see. His long experience among them has also acquainted them with him to such a degree, that they allow him to enter and pass through their houses and rooms whence another might be shut out. In fact, he is their special officer, paid by the Chinese merchants to guard their property, and is emphatically *the* man to have for an escort. He can take you into their gambling saloons, into their pigeon-hole lodging houses where rag-pickers, beggars and thieves fill the air with opium smoke, then shove themselves, feet foremost, into a square box of a pigeon-hole, more like a coffin than a couch. He can guide you into crooked, narrow, labyrinthine passages through which you can just squeeze, and which you could never find nor enter without guidance; into inner courts, around which, and in the midst of which, stand old rickety, tumble-down, vermin-haunted hives of wooden tenements which rise through three or four stories, all alive with the swarming lazzaroni, packed into the smallest and dirtiest of rooms, and huddled into every dark and filthy corner.

These are the lowest and worst of their race; the *infernal* celestials, among whom the officer will not take a woman at all, and where it would not be safe for any man to attempt entrance alone. The approaches are so ingeniously constructed and so art-

fully disguised, and the passages wind among each other so intricately, and intersect each other so perplexingly, that not one in a thousand could ever find the beginning, and hardly one in ten thousand could discover the end.

“For *ways* that are *dark*,
And for *tricks* that are *vain*,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar;
Which the same I would rise to explain.”

The stranger must not conclude, however, that such as these make up the bulk of the Chinese who come to us. On the contrary, these are the lowest and vilest, the dregs and settlings of their social system; no more fit to be taken as samples of their nation than the low, whisky-drinking, shillalyswinging, skull-cracking, vote-repeating Irish, who now govern New York, are to be taken as fair types of the “finest pisantry undher the sun,” or considered as a representative of the educated Irishman, than whom a warmer-hearted, freer-handed, more courteous-mannered gentleman one can hardly meet in a thousand miles.

So the middle classes of the Chinese are cleanly, sober, industrious and honest, while their leading merchants, of whom we have several fine representatives in the city, are models of business integrity and social courtesy. Enter one of their establishments, with proper introduction, and you shall encounter the most perfect politeness throughout the

interview, and carry away the impression that you were never more heartily welcomed and generously entertained, according to their custom, of course, by *any* strangers, in your life.

And one very notable thing should also be said of their street deportment; you may walk through their quarter every day and night for a month, and not see a single drunken man of their own race. If you encounter one at all, he is likely to belong to the "superior race."

Your survey of the Chinese quarter would be incomplete without a visit to their temples or joss houses. One of these stands off Pine, just above Kearny. They are also used as hospitals.

Should you wish any souvenir in the shape of their peculiarly ingenious manufacture, you may find them at the Chinese or Japanese bazaars.

III. THIRD STREET.—Five and a half blocks to South Park; thence three blocks to the water; along Channel street to Long Bridge. Here we may take the Bay View cars, ride across the Mission Bay, visit the Rolling Mills, or keep on through the Deep Cut, over Islais Creek bridge, through South San Francisco, to Bay View track, whence 'busses carry us to Hunter's Point and the Dry Dock. Best time, morning, unless some ship is going into dock on the high tide. Fare in 'bus, twenty-five cents each.

IV.—WATER FRONT—South of Market.—Walk along East or Stewart St., by U. S. Marine Hospital, to P. M.S.S. Co.'s ships and docks and C. P.R.R. Freight piers and depot. Thus far no cars. At foot of Brannan take cars, ride up that to Third, down Third, by South Park, to Howard—along Howard to Second, along Second to Market again. Or you can walk from the water up Second to Market again. Or you can walk from the water up Second through the cut to Harrison, climb the bridge-stairs, walk down Harrison to First or Fremont, turn left, and come back by the Shot Tower, Foundries, and Factories to Market.

V.—WATER FRONT—North of Market.—No cars here. Stroll northerly by the corners of the different streets, along the heads of the different piers, among the grain and produce boats, river steamer docks and ferry slips, around to North Point, with its bonded warehouses, iron clippers, and sea wall, thence back Sansome to Broadway, whence cars take you again to the centre.

VI.—SOUTHWESTERN SUBURBS.—From corner west front of Grand Hotel, take city cars out Mission, by fine new church, new Mint, to Woodward's Gardens; thence to Sixteenth; up that three blocks, westerly, to Dolores street, where stands the old Mission Church, the site of the first permanent settlement of San Francisco; out Dolores; south two blocks, to Jewish Cemeteries; back by same way to

Sixteenth ; down that to Mission Woolen Mills ; thence home by Folsom street or Howard street cars, either of which brings you to Market street.

VII.—WESTERN SUBURBS and beyond.—From Montgomery up Sutter, by cars, or up Bush by feet or wheels. Either street carries you westerly to Laurel Hill, in which elegant monuments and mausoleums merit more than passing notice ; thence east three blocks to Lone Mountain and the cemeteries grouped about its base, and upon its lower slopes—the Odd Fellows', west ; the Masonic, south, and the Calvary north and east. Out the Cliff House Road—you'll need horse probably, or can take the 'bus for 25 cents each way—by the Race Track or Driving Park, to the Cliff House ; look at the Seal Rocks, Seals, Ocean and Farallones ; thence south along Pacific Beach to Ocean House, whence in by Ocean Road or the new Central Road by Lake Peralta and Lake Honda. The old Ocean Road brings you back through the Mission ; the new one, in by Lone Mountain again.

VIII.—NORTHWESTERN SUBURBS and beyond.—Up Geary, Post or Sutter to Van Ness Avenue ; thence twelve blocks north through Spring Valley, by cars from Broadway west to Harbor View, Presidio and Fort Point. Returning from the Presidio, keep towards the Bay ; come around by Black Point, whence, skirting the water-front through five or six rough blocks, you reach the foot of Ma-

son or Powell street, and find other cars waiting to bring you home.

The routes above suggested, are by no means exhaustive, but will take one to or near the most noted points. If the tourist can have the personal guidance and escort of some well-posted friend, so much the better. In the absence of such friend, or even to accompany him, we respectfully submit our little pocket substitute.

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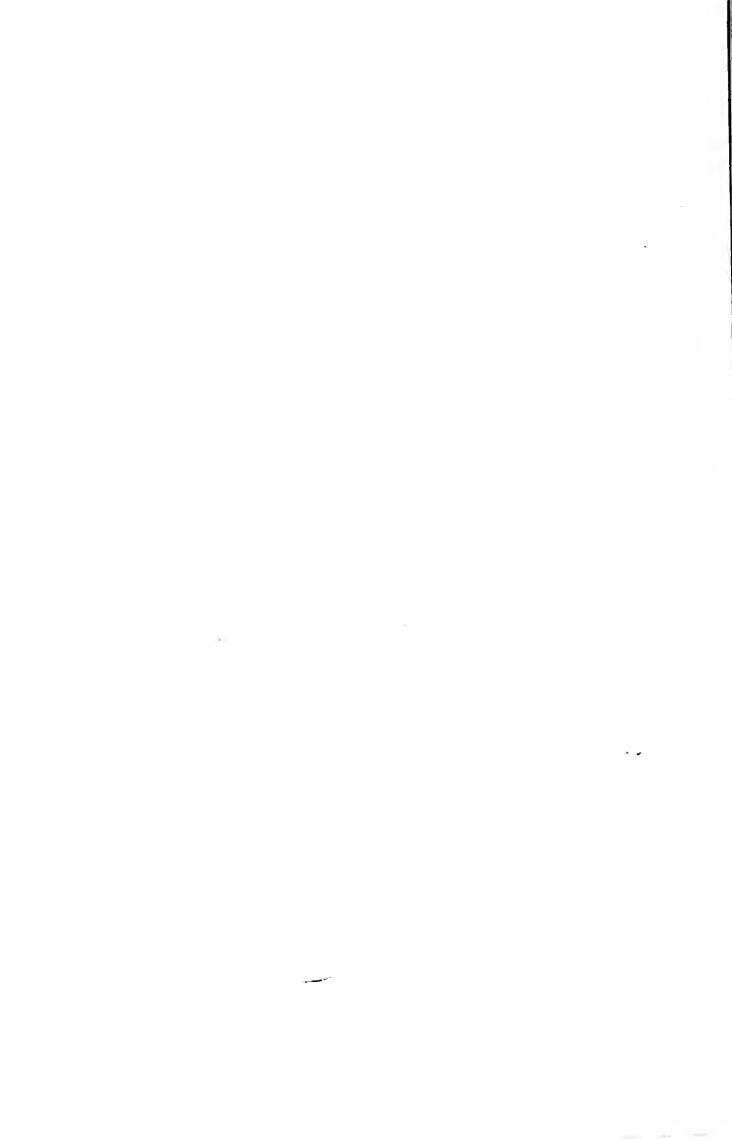
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THE CAPITOL HOTEL.

WILLIAM LIKINS, PROPRIETOR.

Corner of Virginia and Branciforte Streets,
VALLEJO.

This Hotel is built in modern style and the rooms are large, airy and pleasant, and are furnished in a style to please the most fastidious.

EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATIONS

Are warranted to permanent and transient guests. The location of the House is within two or three minutes' walk of the landing of the San Francisco and Napa boats. The different stages arrive and depart daily from the door.

The undersigned, who has long been known to the California Public, especially in this part of the State (having opened the above establishment over two years ago) assures his friends and the public that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render the Capitol Hotel a FIRST CLASS HOUSE, and in every respect worthy of public patronage. The Table, Bar and Room Comforts shall testify to his desire to render comfortable all who favor his house with their patronage.

WILLIAM LIKINS.

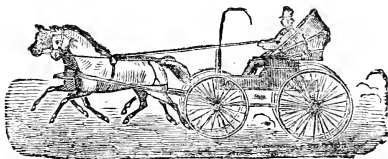
BROWNLEE'S LIVERY STABLES

Virginia Street,

Near Metropolitan Hotel,

VALLEJO.

JOHN BROWNLEE, - Proprietor.



THE VERY BEST LIVERY HORSES AND THE
MOST ELEGANT VEHICLES CAN BE
HAD AT ALL TIMES.

Horses boarded, and the best care and attention bestowed.

Parties furnished with elegant carriages and careful drivers
at short notice.

VALLEJO SPRINGS.

These Springs are situated three miles from Vallejo.

THE WATER cannot be excelled in

MEDICINAL QUALITIES.

THE CLIMATE IS DELIGHTFUL.

The grounds have been elaborately laid out and are very attractive; and the proprietors take pleasure in announcing to the public that those visiting this Resort will find everything that is conducive to

PLEASURE AND COMFORT.

The Table is laid in first-class style, and every attendance that is offered by the Best Hotels of the State is guaranteed.

The Bar is furnished with the FINEST WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS.

 *A First-Class Stable attached.* 

A stage and carriages connect morning and evening with the Vallejo boats and cars of the California Pacific Railroad, conveying passengers to and from the Springs at a moderate charge.

FRISBIE HOUSE,

SOUTH VALLEJO, CAL.

J. M. STAPLES & CO.,

PROPRIETORS.

This Hotel is finely furnished throughout, has accommodations for one hundred and fifty guests; situated opposite the Railroad Station. Time to San Francisco, by steamer, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours; to Sacramento, by rail, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours; and to Calistoga Springs, by rail, 2 hours.

Board per day, \$2.50, and per week, \$10.
Parlors extra.

REVERE HOUSE

JOHN W. SHARP, Proprietor.

Second Street, opposite Court House,
NAPA CITY.

ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOUSE IN NAPA CITY..

THIS HOUSE is fitted up in superior style, and is now open for the reception of PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT GUESTS. It is built in modern style, and the rooms are large, airy and pleasant.

THE BAR is well supplied. THE TABLE shall be second to none in the State. The farming community will find at this House the best of accommodations at reasonable prices.

GEO. B. CLIFFORD,

METROPOLITAN

Feed and Livery Stables,

MAIN ST., ABOVE FIRST, NAPA.

AND

Lodi Stables, Calistoga,

G. W. STEVES, Agent.

All kinds of Carriages, Buggies and fine Saddle Horses for hire on reasonable terms. The most skillful and careful drivers employed, and every effort made to give perfect satisfaction to all. Attention paid to BOARDING HORSES. Excursion parties, etc., conveyed to any part at lowest rates.

CALISTOGA AND HARBIN SPRINGS
STAGE LINE.

Stage leaves Calistoga on Monday, Wednesday and Friday if passengers offer, returning on alternate days, connecting with the noon train for San Francisco and Sacramento City.

G. B. CLIFFORD.

BOARD AT NAPA.

MR. & MRS. S. E. SMITH,

Corner Third and Randolph Streets,

NAPA CITY,

Can accommodate a few boarders from the city.

TERMS—TEN DOLLARS PER WEEK.

Children and servants half price.

A large white two story frame house, large yard filled with shrubbery, the house newly furnished, neat and clean, and very accessible to the city.

Particular attention will be paid to the comfort of guests.

NAPA HOTEL

MAIN ST., NAPA CITY,

JOHN S. HOGAN, - Proprietor.

This old established and popular House has been greatly improved and placed in complete order for the accommodation of the traveling public.

Guests can be furnished with elegant, airy and well furnished rooms.

THE TABLE is supplied with every substantial and delicacy attainable.

THE BAR is provided with only the Choicest Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

The whole establishment is under the personal supervision of the owner and proprietor, whose long experience enables him to cater successfully to the wants of all his patrons.

GOOD ESTABLISHMENT AND REASONABLE
PRICES.

WHITE SULPHUR

SPRINGS HOTEL.

ALSTROM & SCHONEWALD,

PROPRIETORS.

White Sulphur Canon, Napa Co., two miles west of St. Helena.

The proprietors of this popular establishment beg leave to announce to the Traveling Public that they have made extensive improvements upon the grounds and buildings, and are prepared to accommodate guests

IN ELEGANT STYLE.

Every appointment of this house is on a scale commensurate with the beauty of the location, the salubrity of the springs, and the wants of its patrons. Separate

Elegantly Furnished Cottages

are provided for families and parties.

Beautiful drives are found in the vicinity. Fine Livery Horses and *ELEGANT CARRIAGES* furnished for the accommodation of guests.

Regular connection, over a fine road, by stages, each day, with the trains of the Valley Railroad at St. Helena.

The White Sulphur Springs are distant from San Francisco, 57 miles; from Vallejo, 34 miles; from Napa City, 18 miles; St. Helena, 2 miles.

Calistoga Springs HOTEL.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS,
or the Little Geysers.

Napa County, California.

THE LESSEE of this popular watering place and summer resort would announce to his friends and the public, that the Hotel is now open for the reception of visitors.

CONVENIENCES.—The Hotel and surroundings, including Family Cottages, Swimming Bath, Chemical, Steam, Vapor, Tub, Mud and Shower Bath, have been thoroughly renovated and enlarged.

SKATING AND DANCING HALL.—A Spacious Hall, 60 x 90 feet has been added to the numerous attractions of the place.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.—The renowned Foss & Connelly's Stage Line leaves Calistoga Hotel daily for the Geyser Springs, one of the most remarkable places in the world.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST is situated but a short ride from the Hotel. A Grotto has been built in front of the Hotel, made entirely of the Petrified Wood, without nails or mortar. Specimens of the Petrifications given to all visitors.

SWIMMING BATH. The spacious Swimming Bath, supplied with warm sulphur water, is one of the features of the place, and the most timid lady can learn to swim with little practice.

INDUCEMENTS TO SPORTSMEN.—Grizzly, Brown and Cinnamon Bear, Deer, and every species of wild game, are to be found within ten miles of Calistoga, and the streams from the adjacent hills abound with Mountain Trout.

An important advantage is the Telegraph connecting the Hotel with every part of the State and overland.

E. B. BADLAM,

PROPRIETOR.

National Hotel,

CALISTOGA.

P. SIEBEN, - - Proprietor.

Terms \$2 a day, \$8 to \$10 a week.

The House is newly furnished and possesses every requirement for the comfort and convenience of its guests.

Superior accommodations for Families.

A wagon with the name of the Hotel, will convey passengers to and from the Station free of charge.

General Stage office for all parts of the upper country.

TO THE GEYSERS!

VALLEJO AND CALISTOGA ROUTE.

Parties desiring to visit the wonderful and celebrated GEYSER SPRINGS, should take the

STEAMER "CAPITOL"

For Calistoga Via Vallejo, which leaves the foot of Front Street, San Francisco, at 8 A. M. and 4 P. M., daily, excepting Sunday, when it leaves at 8.30 only.

OUR STAGES

Leave EVERY MORNING, and also on the ARRIVAL of the MORNING TRAINS at Calistoga, about 12 M.,

DIRECT FOR THE GEYSERS,

Over the New Road, one of the most romantic and picturesque in the world.

PETALUMA AND HEALDSBURG ROUTE.

THE STEAMER "SACRAMENTO"

Leaves JACKSON STREET WHARF, San Francisco, DAILY, at 8.30; Sundays also, at 8.30, A.M., for Donahue Cars; thence to Petaluma and Santa Rosa; and thence (until the completion of the railroad) by stage to Healdsburg, where our Stages are in readiness to convey them to the Geysers over the old road and the celebrated "Hog's Back."

From either road a fine view is obtained of the Russian Valley, extending for many miles.

Passengers desiring to go by one route and return by the other can do so at the same cost.

No pains will be spared on our part to make the trip a pleasant one.

Maps of both routes, and any further information may be obtained at our office, 214 Montgomery Street, opposite the Russ House.

FOSS & CONNELLY,

Stage Proprietors.

THE GREAT GEYSER SPRINGS of California.

THESE celebrated Springs are the greatest natural curiosity in the world, and are reached by the

NAPA VALLEY ROUTE AND THE RUSSIAN RIVER VALLEY ROUTE.

For particulars of these routes, see description in body of this Guide.

The Medicinal and Curative Properties of the Geyser Springs are admitted to be equal, if not superior, to Saratoga, Baden-Baden, Aix-la-Chapel, Wiesbaden, or Homburg. THE SCENERY is wild, picturesque, and grand in the extreme, and finer than that of the Lower Alps.

THE PLUTON, or GREAT SULPHUR CREEK, which runs by the Geyser Hotel is well supplied with mountain trout; and the hills abound with deer, and other game.

THE HOTEL

Is a large, two-story building, with spacious verandahs surrounding it, above and below, and has been newly furnished. New steam and sulphur bath-houses have been erected, and a large stable has been built. PRIVATE TEAMS can easily and safely drive over the new road from Calistoga, and at the Geysers will find an abundance of good feed for their horses.

SADDLE HORSES,

For ladies and gentlemen, are always on hand, at reasonable prices.

A GOOD TABLE is kept at the Hotel, and the best of Liquors and Cigars will be found at the bar. The rooms are comfortable, and the beds are all new and provided with spring mattresses.

Board and lodging per day, \$3 00; board and lodging, per week, \$17 50; single meals, each, \$1 50. Baths, 25c. Visiting the Geyser Canons, for each person, \$1.00. Children under ten years of age, half price.

Visitors are requested not to pay the Guides, as they are furnished by the Hotel, free of charge.

Fare from San Francisco to Calistoga, per steamer and cars, \$3 50. Stages from there to the Geysers, \$6 00 per passage.

J. C. SUSENBETH.

P. S.—For further particulars, inquire at the office of J. S. POLACK, Esq., Room No. 1, N. W. corner of Jackson and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco.

New Arrangement.

The undersigned, proprietor of the Lakeport and Calistoga Stage Line, announces that from and after this date, the

Regular U. S. Mail Line,

Carrying the Expresses will run between

Calistoga and Lakeport,

TRI-WEEKLY,

Connecting with the evening train of cars at Calistoga.

Leaves Lakeport at 4 o'clock, A. M., for Calistoga, via KELSEY CREEK, LOWER LAKE, and GUENOC, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, arriving at Calistoga, in time for passengers to take the EVENING TRAIN FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

Leaves Calistoga for GUENOC, LOWER LAKE, KELSEY CREEK, LAKEPORT, and UKIAH, at 8 o'clock, A. M., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

WAY OR THROUGH TICKETS

Can be procured of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Agents at Lakeport, Kelsey, Guenoc, Lower Lake, and Calistoga.

W. M. DAVY, General Agent.

Thirty-five pounds of baggage allowed each passenger. Orders promptly attended to

CHARLES MCGREER,

Proprietor.

Virginia Hotel.

(*Stage House,*)

Lower Lake, Lake Co., Cal.

R. H. LAWRENCE, Proprietor.

Returning thanks to the public for former favors, would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

Plenty of Fishing Tackle, and a neat sailboat for the accomodation of Guests, and good Livery Turnouts to be had in the town at moderate charges.

This House is directly on the nearest and best route to the lately discovered but already celebrated "*Bartlett's Springs,*" twenty-five miles from this place.

Give us a call.

R. H. LAWRENCE.

SEIGLER SPRINGS.

THE PUBLIC HOUSE at these celebrated Springs has undergone important alterations; extensive porticos have been erected and the whole supplied with new furniture and is now ready for the accommodation of visitors.

These Mineral Springs are situated in Seigler Valley, Lake County, a region of unrivalled scenery, the center of a cluster of the greatest natural curiosities in the world, and within a few miles of the Quicksilver Mines, Sulphur Bank, Borax Lake, Clear Lake and the Geysers.

Tourists pronounce this the most beautiful natural location for Mineral Springs in the State.

At Seigler Springs a soft, clear, Italian-like climate greets the traveler, and the summer air is healthful and everywhere laden with the delicious fragrance of the fir, cedar and lofty pine.

Our Hot Springs are CHALYBEATE and Saline, containing minerals, Alterative and Tonic, and the ONLY VALUABLE CHALYBEATE SPRINGS known in the State.

When used as a beverage, or for bathing purposes, these waters enter the blood and visit every portion of the system, opening obstructions that have existed, perhaps for years. Among the diseases cured and relieved are the following: Agues, Intermittent Fevers, Neuralgia, Rheumatism in all its forms, Palsy, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Old Sores, Eruptions, Scrofula. Local Diseases, Female Diseases, General Debility, and in all cases in which a TONIC OR INVIGORATING TREATMENT is required. The hot Chalybeate waters when drank cold possess excellent purgative qualities.

We have Ground Baths, and large, commodious Bathing Rooms, so regulated that persons can use our Mineral Baths at all temperatures, from as hot as can be borne to the coldest shower bath.

Gentlemen fond of exercise will find game abounding on hill and mountain, and our streams filled with the choicest Trout.

ROUTE—There are good roads from the adjoining counties leading to Seigler Springs and a daily stage from Calistoga, connecting with Seigler Junction, and from thence by hack to the Springs; also, private conveyance can be had at all hours, at the Lodi Livery Stables, Calistoga, (on reasonable terms) for this point or any other in this part of the State.

P. SNODGRASS, } Proprietors.
J. T. BOONE, }

Lakeport Hotel

LAKE COUNTY,

MRS. S. V. CHAPMAN,

PROPRIETRESS.

Delightfully situated on the border of the Lake, where boats with or without oarsmen may at all times be hired at low rates.

Good fishing and shooting.

The House has been newly furnished and refitted throughout.

Every attention paid to the comfort of our guests.

Mr. Howard P. Wells, the owner of the property, devotes his personal attention to the requirements of visitors.

Board, \$2 a day; \$7 a week.

UKIAH HOUSE.

W. G. ALBAN, - - Proprietor.

Having leased this well known and popular Hotel and Boarding House, I am prepared to accommodate the traveling public or regular boarders more comfortably than any establishment this side of the Bay.

All the rooms in the house have been and are now being

RE-FITTED AND RE-FURNISHED

and no pains will be spared to keep them clean, and render the guest home comforts and GOOD LIVING.

Call and see for yourselves at the old stand.

CORNER MAIN AND STANDLEY STS.

UKIAH CITY.

FASHION LIVERY STABLES, *STATE ST., UKIAH CITY.*



Having leased this new and commodious building, we are now prepared to keep 200 head of horses.

Buggies, Carriages and Horses,
to let at reasonable rates.

Horses boarded by the day, week or month, and the best care and attention given to all stock entrusted to our care.

SMITH & RAMSEY.

In connection with the Stable we have a splendid pair of FAIRBANKS' SCALES. Hay wagons and stock weighed at reasonable rates. Give us a call.

SANEL HOUSE,

JAMES SLOPER, Proprietor.

BOARD, \$1 A DAY; \$5 A WEEK.

Sanel is situated in the Russian Valley, on the stage road between Cloverdale and Ukiah, seventeen miles from Cloverdale and fourteen miles from Ukiah.

The country around is extremely healthy and abounds in game of every description; deer, bear, quails, &c., &c.; also, good fishing.

Every attention will be paid to the comfort of those who patronize my House.

SODA SPRINGS FOUR MILES NORTH.

Particular attention to the accommodation of Hunting Parties.

SAN FRANCISCO AND North Pacific Railroad Co.

NEW ROUTE! QUICK TIME!!

THE SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R. to Petaluma, Sonoma, Santa Rosa, and all intermediate points, via Donahue Landing, by steamer to Donahue; and from thence by cars to Petaluma and Santa Rosa, and by stages to Healdsburg, Sonoma City and other points.

TIME TABLE—On and after Monday, January 16th, 1871, the new and commodious steamer Sacramento, Capt. Wm. Galloway, will leave daily, (Sundays excepted), until further notice, as follows: From Jackson street Wharf, at 8.30 a. m.; Trains will leave Santa Rosa at 10 a. m., Petaluma, 10.50 a. m., Donahue at 11.20 a. m. and arrive at San Francisco at 1.45 p. m. Through tickets to be had on board. Shippers and the traveling public will find this the most expeditious and comfortable route.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS—Freight received on dock until 8.30 a. m. and after 12 m. For further information, inquire at the office, Room 12, over Hibernia Bank.

P. DONAHUE, President.

SUNDAY TIME TABLE.—Steamer leaves as usual, 8.30 a. m. arrives at Santa Rosa 12.30 p. m. Stage for Sonoma at 12 m.

Returning—Leaves Santa Rosa at 3 p. m.; Petaluma at 3.40 p. m.; Sonoma at 2 p. m.; arrives in San Francisco about 6 p. m.

Fare for round trip to Santa Rosa and back, only \$3.

P. DONAHUE.

TAMALPAIS HOTEL,

San Rafael, Marin County, Cal.

14 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

This Hotel is situated in the charming valley of San Rafael, which for salubrity of climate, beauty of scenery and convenience of access is unsurpassed by any other locality in the State.

Horses can be obtained at the Hotel for the purpose of making the ascent of Mount Tamalpais, (2,600 feet high) which can be done within three hours and without a guide, on the new road that has recently been made to the summit.

- Visitors will take the Steamer "Contra Costa," foot of Broadway, at 9.30 A. M., 1, 4, 30 P. M., daily, sundays excepted, and will reach San Rafael within $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Returning—trains leave at 8, 11 A. M., and 2.45 P. M.

The Hotel Omnibus will be found at the Depot on the arrival of each train and will convey passengers and baggage to and from the Hotel, free of charge.

R. PARDOW, Jr.,

SAN RAFAEL.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main Street, Petaluma.

MRS. WM. ORDWAY, PROPRIETRESS.

This Hotel, first-class in every particular, is the leading house in this city and one of the best hotels on the coast.

THE BUILDING is a large, three-story, fire-proof brick, situated in the center of the business part of the city, well ventilated, supplied with water and gas, perfectly arranged with a view to comfort and convenience, containing sixty three rooms, elegant parlor, pleasant reading room, first-class Bar and Billiard room, Hair Dressing Saloon and Cigar Stand.

THE ROOMS, single and en-suite, are large, with high ceilings, well ventilated and elegantly furnished.

THE TABLE is supplied with the best the market affords, prepared and served in first-class style.

A LIVERY STABLE is connected with the Hotel. Splendid Carriages are furnished upon notice at the office.

OMNIBUSES convey guests to and from the Hotel to cars and steamers, free of charge.

STAGES from the city leave from this Hotel.

Tourists, visiting the city, are shown every courtesy and attention in all departments of the Hotel.

California Livery Stables.

H. B. HASBROUCK, Proprietor.

Washington Street, - Petaluma.



Elegant Carriages of all descriptions with the best trained horses, either for carriage or the saddle.

Pleasure parties furnished with the best of teams and careful and experienced drivers.

There are beautiful drives in the neighborhood, and many points of interest which travelers and tourists should visit. The proprietor can furnish any number of conveyances for the purpose at short notice and on very reasonable terms.

H. B. HASBROUCK.

KESSING HOTEL.

F. H. COE, PROPRIETOR.

MAIN STREET, - SANTA ROSA.

This new and well furnished Hotel is now open for the accommodation of the public. In all its departments the House is well adapted to insure the comfort of all who patronize it. The Proprietor will exert his utmost endeavors to accommodate, in an agreeable manner, all who favor him with their patronage.

FRANK H. COE,

Proprietor.

FASHION
LIVERY STABLE

NEW BRICK, NO. 9,
Corner of Main and Second Streets,
SANTA ROSA.

Buggies, Carriages and Saddle Horses at low rates and short notice.

Persons visiting the Geysers, and localities of interest in that vicinity, will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

A large number of stalls and sheds, and a large corral connected with the Stable.

Particular attention paid to transient stock.

J. P. CLARK,

Proprietor.

SOTOYOME HOUSE,

HEALDSBURG,

SONOMA COUNTY, - - CALIFORNIA.

This long established House has gained a wide-spread reputation throughout this section of the State for its home-like conveniences and comfortable apartments.

Here the stranger is made to feel himself at home, and his every want anticipated.

The Rooms are neatly furnished and well ventilated, and the Table supplied with the best the Market affords.

This village being situated on the west bank of the Russian River, in a pleasant and healthful valley, is a most inviting resort for the invalid and pleasure seeker.

B. C. WRIGHT,

PROPRIETOR.

Healdsburg & Santa Rosa Livery Stables.

EMERSON, HAWKINS & Co.

Having extensive Stables, both in Healdsburg and Santa Rosa, are prepared to furnish every kind of vehicle on short notice, for any part of the Country.

Carriages for the Geysers and to all points of interest in or around the valleys. Horses and carriages may be engaged from us, either at Healdsburg or Santa Rosa and left at any other point as may be desired.

Mr. N. W. Bostwick has charge of the business at Santa Rosa, where he will grant every facility to those who favor him with their patronage.

Emerson, Hawkins & Bostwick.

Cloverdale Hotel.

THOMAS S. COLVIN, Proprietor.

CLOVERDALE, - CALIFORNIA.

This House has just been enlarged to more than double its former size, newly furnished throughout, and is now open to

THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.

The Proprietor will endeavor to keep the House to the satisfaction of all.

Daily Stages to all parts of the Country.

CLOVERDALE LIVERY STABLE

CLOVERDALE.

HALL, CURTIS & BRUSH.



We have constantly on hand a large stock of horses and carriages in fine running order.

Pleasure and excursion parties, and all who desire to drive around our beautiful valley, will find all their requirements at our Stable, at the lowest rates.

HALL, CURTIS & BRUSH,

Cloverdale and Mendocino

TRI-WEEKLY

STAGE LINE.

JESSE D. CARR & CO., Proprietors.

Carrying U. S. Mail and Wells, Fargo & Co's Express.
Fare to Anderson Valley (Booneville), \$4; to Navarra, \$7; to Albion, \$7; to Little River, \$8; to Mendocino, \$8.

Navarra Hotel.

MOORE BROTHERS, - Proprietors.

BOARD, \$7 per week; \$1.50 per day.

Well located on the banks of the Sabine Creek, with a fine view of the Ocean; surrounded by a heavy redwood forest. Good Hunting and Fishing in the neighborhood.

EMERSON HOUSE,

CLOVERDALE.

PERRY M. EMERSON, - Proprietor.

Board, \$2 a day; \$8 to \$12 a week.

Special attention paid to the comfort and accommodation of families, tourists, pleasure parties and the traveling public.

The House is a fire-proof brick, neat and well kept.

Persons wishing to spend some time in the country, can find no pleasanter place. Suites of rooms for families.

PERRY M. EMERSON.

SKAGGS' HOT SPRINGS.

B. FRANK TUCKER, Proprietor.

This delightful and justly celebrated watering place, located in a romantic valley, 14 miles southwest from Healdsburg, Sonoma County, has been leased by the undersigned for a term of years; he has thoroughly renovated and re-furnished the Hotel and Cottages, making this establishment on a par with any similar resort in the State. Tourists, pleasure seekers or invalids will find this watering place unsurpassed for the salubrity of its climate, the beauty of its scenery, the medicinal virtues of its mineral waters, and in its facilities for

HUNTING AND TROUT FISHING.

Guests may be assured that nothing will be omitted on the part of the proprietor, which can add to their comfort.

B. FRANK TUCKER,
PROPRIETOR.

THE CALIFORNIA
Cotton Growers and Manufacturers
ASSOCIATION.

Incorporated for 25 years, from April 10, 1871, to April 10, 1896.

CAPITAL STOCK, - \$500,000.00

25,000 SHARES OF \$20 EACH. UNASSESSABLE.

The objects of THE CALIFORNIA COTTON GROWERS AND MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION, are briefly: To grow Cotton, and to manufacture the same on their plantation—to save freights—into Domestic Fabrics.

Money, Land, Machinery, Tools, Horses, Harness, and any value that can be made available for the benefit of the enterprise, will be acceptable for the paid up Certificates of the Stock of the Association.

TRUSTEES:—Gov. H. H. Haight, William C. Ralston, Charles J. Pillsbury, Edward B. Neely, James Dale Johnston, Edward Spilker, H. H. Bancroft, Robert Christy, J. M. Strong, John Wieland, Charles Rowe.

Parties living at a distance, but who may desire to secure Shares in the Stock of the Association, can have their Certificates Mailed or Expressed, on the General Agent receiving Post office Order, or the Receipt of any Banker, for Amount Deposited to the Credit of THE CALIFORNIA COTTON GROWERS AND MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION.

JAMES DALE JOHNSTON, Secretary,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

H. ROSEKRANS.

S. READ.

H. ROSEKRANS & Co.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

HARDWARE,

Builders' Materials, Carpenters' Tools,

HOUSE-FURNISHING UTENSILS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

SHELF HARDWARE,

135 MONTGOMERY STREET

NEAR BUSH STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA
Silk Manufacturing Co.

FOR THE FIRST OPERATIVE YEAR.

The foregoing exhibit shows the operations of the year, dating from commencement, as having cleared Estimate No. 2, being the amount of Investment in Site, Building, Machinery, Safes and Fixtures, and, in addition to the preservation of the working Active Capital of \$28,000, clearing a dividing profit of \$40,300. The profits of succeeding years will constantly grow larger.

Officers of the Company:—T. Ellsworth, President; Jas. Dale Johnston, Secretary; Ex Gov. P. H. Burnett, President Pacific Bank, Treasurer.

OFFICE, 125 SANSOME STREET, ROOM 50.

G. GROEZINGER,
CALIFORNIA
Red & White Wines

PORT, SHERRY, ANGELICA,
CALIFORNIA GRAPE BRANDIES
ETC., ETC.

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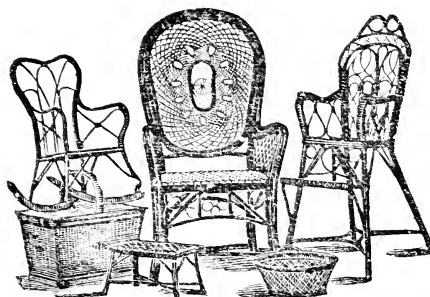
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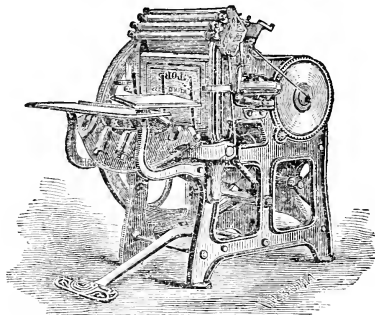
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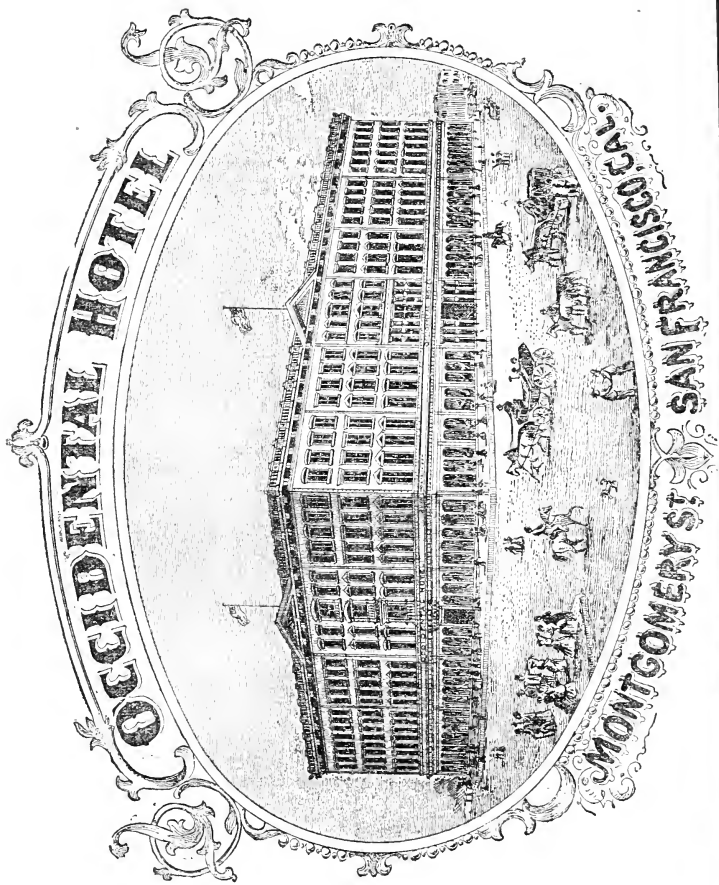
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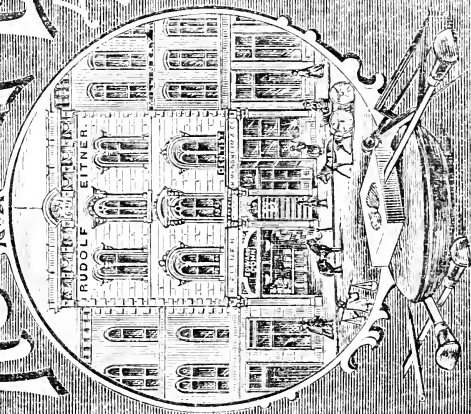
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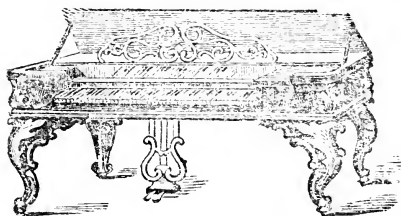
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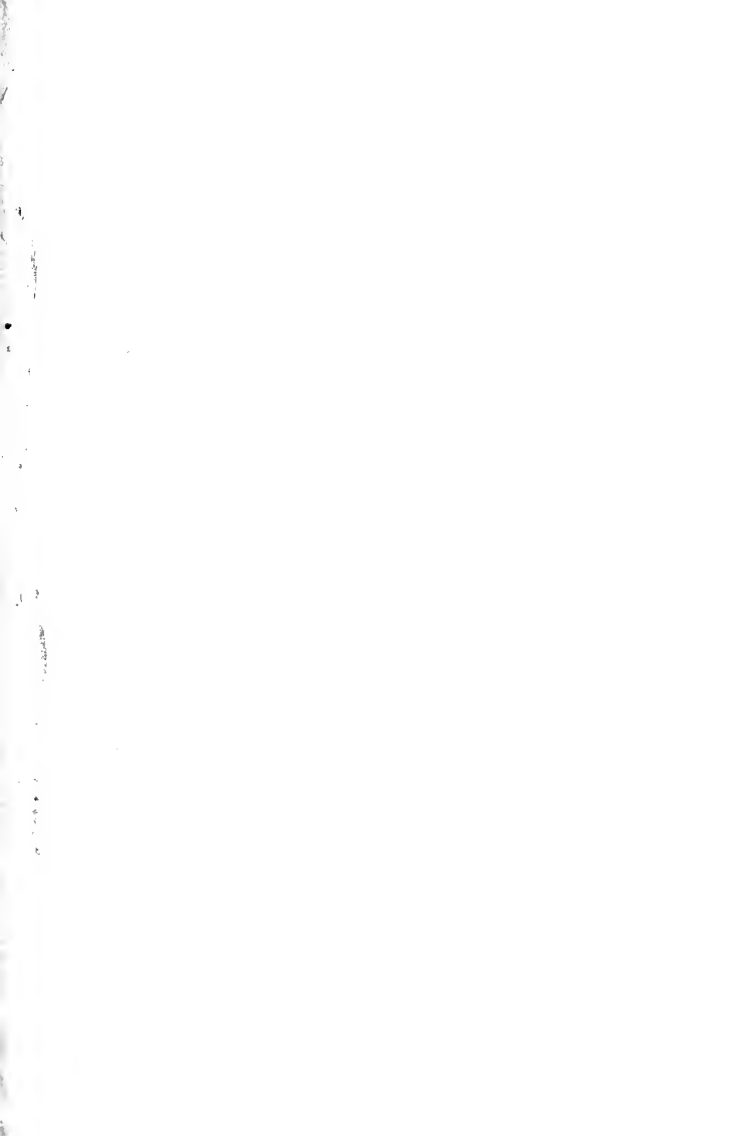
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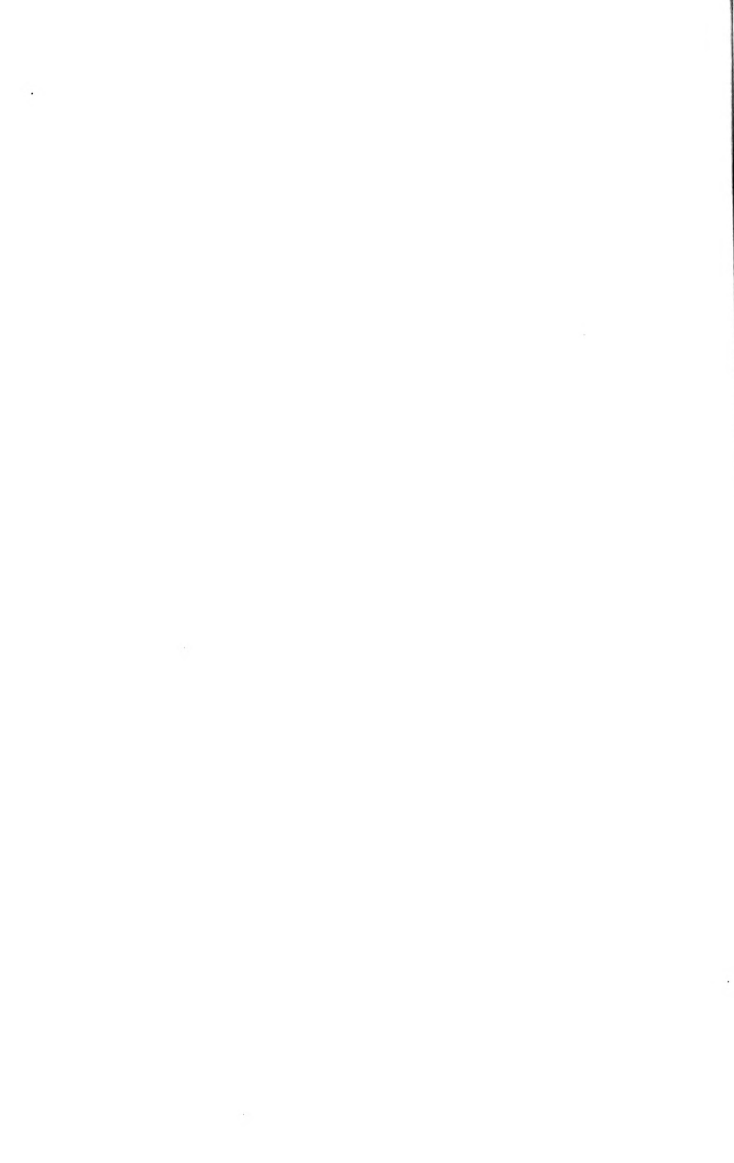
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